

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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GREATHEART OF THE COMMON FOLK

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THE VERY PRECIOUS RING

A LITTLE STORY FOR HERR HITLER

The Tale of Two Graves in Westminster and in Vienna

A LONG TRADITION BROKEN

Something has just happened in Vienna which stirs within us the thought of one of the rarest scenes that comes to memory as we think of the past, the touching scene in Westminster Abbey at the burial of Edmund Spenser, when the poets who had known him threw their pens into his grave.

Spenser had died in extreme destitution and was saved from a pauper's grave by his friend the famous Earl of Essex, who arranged and paid for his funeral. He had only heard of his friend's distress a few hours before his death, when he sent him twenty pieces of gold. But the poet refused to accept them, saying he was sorry he had no time to spend them. For he was worn out in body and spirit by his appalling experiences in a rebellion in Ireland, where one of his children had perished at the burning of his castle.

A Final Tribute

In the funeral procession walked many poets with elegies and the pens with which they had written them. These they dropped into the open grave in the transept of the Abbey as a final tribute to one who was their acknowledged master.

It is believed that Shakespeare was of this company, and that lying on Spenser's coffin may be what is left of one of his rare manuscripts, his contribution to that sad, sweet garland of praise of the man to whose tragic fate he alludes in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

*The thrice three Muses mourning for the death
Of Learning, late deceased in beggary.*

It is possible also that there may be in this grave of Spenser one of the most precious things in the world, *Shakespeare's pen*, and it is this thought that comes when we read of what has lately happened in Vienna, where a tradition stretching back to the time of Goethe has just been broken in a strange and memorable scene.

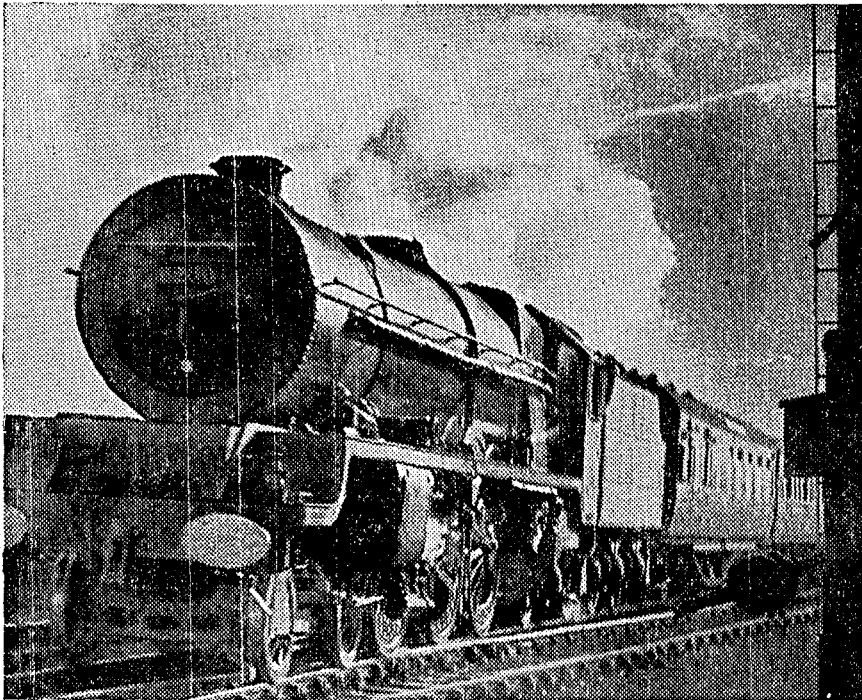
A Treasure of the German Stage

At the end of the 18th century an actor named Iffland was acknowledged by all Germany as the greatest man on the German stage. He possessed a ring ornamented by a miniature of himself set in diamonds, and this ring he greatly treasured, partly for its beautiful workmanship and partly, perhaps, for the circumstances in which it was bestowed upon him.

Horse-Power



A fine team of horses hauling tree trunks up a hill



The Royal Scot near Penrith in Cumberland

THE DEAR OLD LADY

SHE KNEW HANS ANDERSEN

Not So Bad To Be a Hundred Years Old

LIFE UNDER SIX KINGS

In the quiet little Danish town of Skelskor a dear old lady has just become one hundred years old.

Very proud is the town of Miss Vilhelmine Gesner, or Aunt Minnie, as everyone has learned to call her; and no wonder, for as she sits smiling and alert among the flowers, answering the eager questions of her callers, it is easy to see that she is an exceptional old lady even as exceptional centenarians go.

"You want to know what it is like to be a hundred years old? It isn't so bad, my dear. But I should not like to become *very* much older. There seems no point in going on living when you have ceased to be of use to your fellow-creatures."

What Life Has Taught Her

Though her sight has grown somewhat dim Miss Vilhelmine is still hale and strong enough to look after herself and to keep her three-roomed flat in order, all but scrubbing the floors, she explains, "My knees won't stand that." She has lived all alone since the death of her brother, for whom she used to keep house. But her indomitable spirit, coupled with a marvellous memory and a delightful sense of humour, lift her above the melancholy of loneliness.

Life has taught me many things, she says, and one of them is not to give up. "In my opinion most old people give up much too soon. I have always loved life and wished to live as long as possible; and that, I think, is the secret of my reaching my hundredth birthday. Think of it! I have lived under six kings, and welcomed the soldiers back from the war with Germany in 1848. All that is history to you, but to me it was life, full to the brim with the palpitating interest of the actual."

Hans Andersen and the Swans

Hans Andersen was also a part of life for her, for he often came as a guest to Basnaes Castle, where her father was head gardener. Her eyes twinkle as she thinks of him, for like many good and lovable people he had little foibles which made you smile even though you liked him all the better for them. He was a little vain, and loved to read his stories aloud to the assembled company, though, in Miss Vilhelmine's opinion, he did not read very well. And he was so careful of his health that if it was at all cold he would put on his galoshes to walk the few steps from his room to the dining-room.

Terribly ugly he was, too, but so nice that you forgot all about his looks and

Continued in the previous column

When Iffland died he bequeathed this ring to the man he accounted his successor as the greatest actor on the German stage.

This man did the same thing, and so it passed through the hands of seven great actors, until it came to Albert Bassermann.

Bassermann, who is 70, belongs to a very distinguished old German family. There is no Jewish blood in his veins. But he was shocked by the Nazis' campaign against the Jews, and by the way politics have dominated music, the stage, and literature.

So the greatest German actor left Germany for political reasons, taking with him the Iffland ring.

Another great German actor had also left Germany: this was Moissi, who was of Jewish descent, and of course could find no place in the Nazi State. He has lately died in Vienna.

Bassermann went to the funeral. At the end of the service he stepped forward and threw the Iffland ring into the grave, exclaiming:

"The German stage is dead. I will leave the ring to no one."

So a long tradition is broken, and a great German-Jewish artiste will keep the ring for ever.

Continued from column four

simply had to love him. The only creatures in Basnaes who disliked him were the swans. Why this was so no one knew, but they would hiss and snap at him as soon as he came near them, so that the man who had written so eloquently of the beautiful white swan which had started life as an ugly duckling actually trembled in his shoes at the mere sight of its prototypes, and always made a wide circle round the moat where they lived.

GIVING AWAY £1000 A WEEK

THE LOVELY WORK OF THE PILGRIM TRUST

What is Being Done With a
Generous American's Millions

SAVING OLD ENGLAND AND BUILDING NEW

Readers of the C.N. know well the splendid work of the Pilgrim Trust.

Four years ago it was founded in these islands by the remarkable generosity of Mr Edward Harkness, an American whose love of England moved him to set aside for good causes in this country no less than two million pounds.

The Trust is one of the best friends of great movements this country has ever known, and is wisely administered from its office in the Adelphi. One of its ideals is to make possible the preservation of our national treasures, and it now spends over £1000 a week so that what is best in this country may live.

A Library of Experience

The report of the Trust for 1934 shows that the enterprise has been well continued. One of the earliest grants was of £4000 toward the memorial at Cambridge to Captain Scott and his comrades, and last November the Scott Polar Research Institute was opened, to provide, as Mr Baldwin said, a library of experience for those who are going into the unknown.

Even so generous a godfather as the Pilgrim Trust could not afford to repair all the sad churches of the United Kingdom which asked for help, so the Trust has set aside £15,000 for 14 of the most interesting churches.

Grant Number One, made in 1930, was recalled by further help given to preserve Durham Castle. To the first gift of £25,000 has been added another £18,000, so that the urgent strengthening of this noble building may be carried on.

London's Green Belt

While ancient buildings crumble modern ones rise and threaten our other inheritance, our countryside. The Trust has helped to secure 300 acres at Romford to become part of London's Green Belt; It gave the last £1500 needed by the National Trust to purchase the Buttermere Valley; £500 went to save Redlands Wood at Leith Hill from being built on; and a gift of £550 has assured that two fields by old Whiteleaf Cross shall always be green.

Much of the money given is spent on wages, and so brings many men into employment. In other ways the Trust follows a constructive policy, having given £50,000 last year for different kinds of social work. They cannot all be mentioned here, but among them are colleges where men and women from occupational centres may take courses of training and return with fresh ideas and new interests; clubs for boys and girls; and camps for unemployed.

For the Unemployed

There are Settlements where unemployed miners learn to believe in themselves again; there are thriving land schemes; there are precious manuscripts brought to light which had lain unconsidered for years; and £2000 has been presented to the London School of Economics toward the expenses of our new Domesday Book—a survey of our little island from the masses of notes, many by school-children, sent in from every part of the country. Altogether 70 organisations have been able to continue or extend their work because of the Pilgrim Trust.

This year the Trust has a seal, incorporating the scallop shell worn in the Middle Ages by pilgrims to the shrine of St James of Compostella. The shell is now a symbol, not of a pilgrimage to a far country, but of the great work of building Jerusalem at home, in England's green and pleasant land.

MAGNA CARTA FOR SHOPPERS

A Fair Deal For All Buyers

THE NEW MOVEMENT

The growing strength of shop retailers, due to the coming of the big stores, has been used in many ways, sometimes for the fixing of unduly big margins of profit.

A wholly admirable new movement insists on the fair description of all articles sold. It is called the Retail Trading Standards Association, and there have been nearly 2500 applications for membership.

This body establishes strict rules to protect buyers: If an article is of wool mixed with other fibres it must not be labelled Wool, which term is to describe all wool, and that only. If an article is of cotton and wool, with more of cotton than wool, it is to be labelled Cotton and Wool, not Wool and Cotton.

Alleged marking-down of prices must be fairly done; there must be no fictitious marking-down from a false earlier price. Goods must not be shown in a window and refused to a buyer. Goods must not be specially made for the window while an inferior article is substituted in the shop.

We do not know if false sale goods are to be banned, but it is only too clear that they should be. The Association furnishes its members with a trade mark incorporating the letter S repeated thrice, meaning the Sign of Straight-forward Shopkeeping.

WHY HE COULD NOT GO Tale of a Prince

We like the story we have just heard about Crown Prince Frederic of Denmark, the future husband of Princess Ingrid of Sweden.

A few years ago, when a lieutenant in the navy, he was invited to an important naval function. With a simplicity which is said to be one of his most marked traits he explained that it was quite impossible for him to accept the invitation as his friend Sorensen was moving into new quarters on that day and he had promised to help him.

He turned up at Sorensen's lodgings at the hour he had promised and helped to carry downstairs and stow into the royal car the simple household goods, which the two young men then drove personally to the new quarters.

One wonders whether Sorensen (who in England would probably have been called Smith) was as matter-of-fact about it all as his royal friend? Most likely he was. There must have been a pleasant give-and-take relationship between the two for the situation to have arisen at all.

ANOTHER DOG SAVES HIS MASTER

The other day an elderly Shetland Islander was out at sea in his sailing boat when it capsized in a squall off Lerwick.

He had gone alone with his dog and they were a considerable distance from the shore when the boat began to sink. He was being drawn under when the dog seized his clothing and kept him afloat until he was able to grasp an oar.

The accident had been noticed on the shore; a boat was quickly put out and saved both the man and his dog.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Antares	An-tay-reez
Ariadne	Arri-ad-nee
Badrinath	Bah-dre-naht
Caracas	Ka-rah-kas
Ecuador	Ek-wa-dor
Guayaquil	Gwy-a-keel
Minos	My-nos
Reykjavik	Ray-kya-veek

THE VILLAGE MAGICIAN

A 20th-Century Witch Doctor

How easily the superstitious and credulous can be tricked by the clever, sometimes to their mutual benefit, is amusingly shown by this story, which comes to us from Czecho-Slovakia.

About twelve months ago the little village of Frain, near the town of Brunn, became aware that it had a miracle worker in its midst; someone half-doctor, half-magician, who effected marvellous cures and snatched from the brink of the grave patients given up as lost by regular practitioners.

Wider and wider did the fame of this wonderful man spread, till the whole countryside began to come to him with its ailments—unaware that at least half of his success lay in the immeasurable faith that his mysterious ways, his long white beard, and formidable hump inspired: hunchbacks being regarded as bringers of luck by the superstitious.

So dangerous a rival did this seeming charlatan become to the regular medical profession that all the doctors of the district combined to lodge a complaint against him in the law courts. An investigation was ordered, in the course of which it appeared that the white-bearded old hunchback whom they had all taken for a quack was in reality a fully qualified young medical man, beardless and humpless, whom competition had driven from Prague, and who had chosen this original method of posing as a twentieth-century witch doctor in order to make a living.

THE EVEREST MAN

Remarkable Link of Time

On the same day as it was announced that Mr Hugh Rutledge had been invited to lead another expedition to Mount Everest news came of the death of the eldest son of the man after whom the famous peak was named.

Mr Lancelot Everest, who has just passed away at 82, was the son of Sir George Everest, who was born when the French Revolution broke out, and went out to India 129 years ago as a cadet in the army of the East India Company, which governed the country before the Mutiny. Sir George became Surveyor-General of India, and the map of India owes much to his devoted labours 100 years ago. In honour of his work the highest peak of the Himalayas was named after him.

It is a remarkable link with history that the son of a man born during the French Revolution should have lived till long after the Great War.

A BLACK GENTLEMAN

Negro students and seamen in London will miss the friendly presence of Mr Beresford Gale, one of the leaders of the Negro community in London, who has passed on at 54. He was one of the finest types of a Negro gentleman.

Five years ago he came over from Philadelphia to make conditions better for his friends in London.

"Nobody knows how lonely they are," he told a friend of the C.N. "In America it is the ambition of many Negro boys to work their way across the Atlantic. Too often when they reach London they are unable to get a passage home. Even if they find work in the docks they are usually friendless and terribly homesick."

Mr Gale was Grand Travelling Master of the Order of the Elks, a Negro friendly society, and he organised socials, lectures, and dances.

Lord Stanley of Alderley's Notification of Poverty Bill, referred to in the C.N. last week, was rejected. Lord Rochester said that the minimum wage level suggested would tend to become the maximum.

CLEVER IRINA

Backward in Finnish But Good at Pictures

A ONE-GIRL SHOW

Keen interest has been excited in Stockholm by an exhibition of pictures such as can rarely have been seen in the world before.

The exhibitor was a schoolgirl of 15, whose work, shown in Helsingfors, Riga, and Moscow, met with such a reception from critics and public that the owner of a Stockholm art gallery, Herr Fahlcrantz, offered to arrange a show for her if she would bring her pictures over to Stockholm.

Irina Bäcksbacka is a Finlander, daughter of a well-known Helsingfors art dealer and a Russian mother. She has grown up among pictures and artists, and although she has been in the public eye since she was 13 she is wholly unspoiled by her successes.

Extraordinary Talent

Having to go to school like other children of her age she can only paint in her holidays; but at her exhibition she was represented by 70 pictures in oils, pastels, and water-colours.

All who have seen these pictures agree that they show extraordinary talent, not to say genius—which is all very well, say Irina's school teachers, but is no reason for her not doing her lessons properly. So, at the very time when the newspapers were praising her painting as though she were a grown-up person, she was given bad marks at school for being backward in Finnish. Yet she can hardly be an ignorant little girl, for a whole group of her pictures is inspired by the work of the 18th-century poet Carl Michael Bellman, a kind of Swedish Robert Burns, whose lilting gaiety, tinged with an underlying melancholy, she is said to have caught to perfection.

THE CARPENTER ON THE WAY TO A THRONE

One more boy is demanding more pocket money.

The eleven-year-old King Peter of Yugo-Slavia, who is being educated in his own country, has been complaining of the small amount allowed him by his mother.

Instead of asking for an increase he said: "I shall have to learn a trade and earn a little money." He asked his mother if he might have a carpenter's shop set up at the palace so that he might learn carpentry.

"You must see that I turn out good things," he said to the master carpenter who is teaching him; "I have simply got to make money by selling them."

King Peter should soon have plenty of coins jingling in his pocket, for the queen is allowing her son's work to be put up for auction.

THINGS SAID

Only a true patriot can be a true citizen of the world. Dean of St Paul's

Has anyone ever won £10,000 in a sweepstake without suffering?

Mr Justice Bennett

Two million pounds a year is spent on advertising drink. Bishop of London

With what divine patience some people can endure the miseries of others!

Mr Lloyd George

There is no one who does not hate the idea of using the results of science, to add to pain and misery. Sir William Bragg

There are strange gods in the hearts of the Irish people today—gods of pleasure, gods of gold, and gods of country. Rev J. Foyne of Carlow

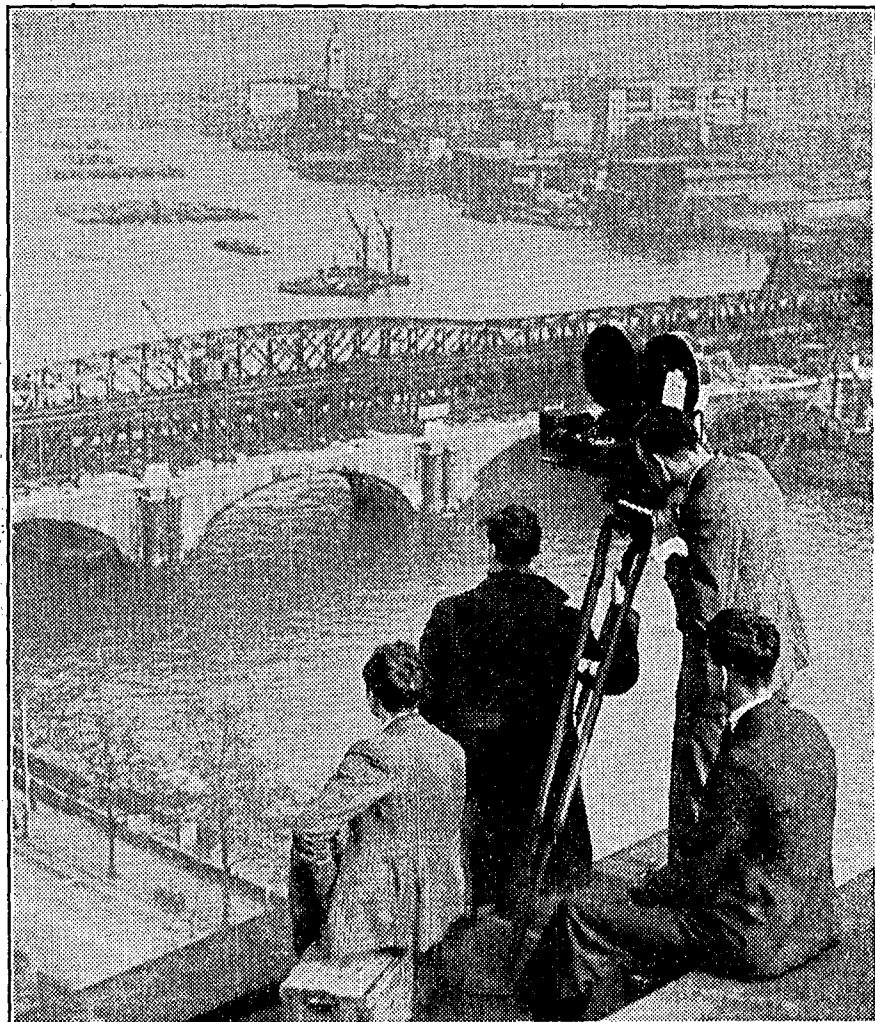
EASTER LILIES · A LIVING PICTURE · FILMING OUR LOST WATERLOO



Easter Lilies—A hymn in the open air.



Between Two Fires—Famous pictures were brought to life at a London display in aid of charity. Here is a representation of the painting by Francis D. Millet.



Filming Waterloo Bridge—A kinema photographer on the roof of Shell-Mex House taking pictures of the demolition of Waterloo Bridge.

A MAN AND THE PACIFIC

MACMILLAN BROWN'S
GIFT TO NEW ZEALAND
Lifetime Study of the Peoples
of the Great Ocean

FINE EMPIRE IDEA

Professor John Macmillan Brown has passed on, but his lifework, the study of the habits, needs, and problems of the peoples inhabiting the shores of the Pacific Ocean, will live.

In his will he provided for the establishment of a School of Pacific Ocean Studies at Canterbury University College in Christchurch, New Zealand, and to it he left all his curios and ethnological specimens.

Professor Macmillan Brown was born in Scotland 88 years ago and went to Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Oxford Universities. At Oxford he came under the influence of Jowett, the famous master of Balliol, and met Matthew Arnold and Swinburne.

Forty Years of Travel

In 1874 he was appointed Professor of Classics at the newly-established Canterbury College. He went to New Zealand, saying he would be back in two or three years, but he stayed on and devoted all his energies and learning to make his adopted country mightier yet.

As a young professor in a young university college in a very young colony he used to work 16 to 18 hours a day. At length the strain of reading under artificial light affected his eyesight, and in 1895 he found himself obliged to give up teaching.

Following the Sun, so that he could read as much as possible in daylight, he travelled for some forty years in the lands touched by the Pacific, and so gradually began to amass a wealth of knowledge concerning the peoples of its shores.

Discoveries in Japan

In Japan he discovered definite traces of a race both earlier and taller than either the Ainu or the Japanese.

In China he found that throughout history changes in the climate of Central Asia were constantly driving new peoples into that vast country.

By his books, his lectures, and his addresses he became known throughout the world as an expert in the sciences of anthropology and ethnology.

At his death, in January, Professor Macmillan Brown bequeathed a considerable sum of money to establish a New Zealand School of Pacific Ocean Studies. He expressed his desire that the education given should be of such a character as would fit New Zealanders for the administration and government of the peoples of the Pacific, and for the investigation of the history, traditions, customs, laws, and ideas of those peoples generally. He also provided for the travelling expenses of professors or scholars engaged in this work.

A Splendid Climax

Scattered over the wide Pacific are numberless islands and archipelagos mostly under the protection of Britain and the Dominions, but others shared by the United States, France, and Japan. The introduction of European civilisation during the past hundred years has not been methodical. Often the natives have been misunderstood and have suffered from harmful influences. Some islands have enjoyed good administration or self-government, while in others the relations of the Western races and the natives have not been so happy.

This Professor Macmillan Brown realised, and his action in providing for a School of Pacific Ocean Studies was a splendid climax to a great life.

He was Chancellor of the University of New Zealand at the time of his death.

THE FLOOR OF TRAFALGAR SQUARE And the Roof of the National Gallery

The Spirit of London. By Paul Cohen-Portheim. Batsford. 7s 6d.

It is one more of the famous Batsford Books which picture for us so much of the glory of our towns and villages.

We see London through the eyes of a well-known European who knew it and loved it as few Londoners do. We may not always agree with him or accept his valuation of our capital, but at least we shall always find him entertaining and mostly appreciative. Those who think London the worst city in the world and those who think it the finest place ever made, will both be interested in this survey of its life and buildings.

An Idea For the Jubilee

We note that two of the things that move the author to a little cynicism are the roof of the National Gallery and the floor of Trafalgar Square. We quite agree. They are not worth talking about as they are, yet they might be so beautiful. Would it not be possible to celebrate the Jubilee by laying down a floor of really beautiful stones in Trafalgar Square and by getting rid of the litter which lines the roof of the National Gallery? It is a perfect disgrace to us all, especially to the Trustees of the Gallery.

We do not agree with those who think the National Gallery unworthy of its superb position, but we do agree that its roof would disgrace even a third-rate position, for it is a mass of things that look like sheds. We very much wish some millionaire would give the Gallery £1000 to extend a beautiful parapet, so as to hide the trail of ugliness and crown the simple dignity of our noble picture house.

IS MAN NATURALLY A FIGHTER?

A Great Authority Says No

Is man born a fighter? Has he an instinct for fighting?

Even Mr Baldwin, peaceful man, has said that the fighting instinct is the oldest in our nature. We do not believe it, and we are delighted to see that Mr Havelock Ellis denies it.

Mr Ellis says that there is not the slightest ground for supposing that the earliest men waged war.

Under the conditions of primitive life warfare would have rendered existence for man hazardous and perhaps have led to his extermination. What early man needed and made were tools. Weapons came after tools, and even then in the first place for hunting.

During the last thousand years human progress has been away from violence and toward order. The first two men who settled their quarrel by an appeal to order and justice were initiating a movement which has proceeded ever since, however irregularly, toward the ultimate disappearance of war. That last stage may be difficult, but to Mr Ellis it seems inevitable. In man's early days warfare would have been fatal, and it is tending to become fatal again.

SCHOOL DESKS ABOLISHED

A German professor of Jena has persuaded many German schools to substitute tables for desks. The reform seems to have become popular.

The leading idea is that the tables help "the communal idea of association and friendship between the teacher and the pupils." The pupils are placed in a semi-circle round the classroom, and the teacher also sits at a table placed in the opening of the curve and at the same level as the pupils. The teacher is a leader, the children are followers, and all who try it are said to like it. It is called the Jena Plan.

NATIONAL ROADS WHY WE DO NOT GET THEM

Traffic Arteries Must Be
Planned For the Whole Country

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

We are all road users, and our roads are the most crowded in the world.

It is time, if the mistakes made with the trunk railways a century ago are not to be repeated with the arteries of the new 20th-century traffic, that the Government should realise that England is one country and not a mere collection of 41 counties, and that road planning is a national and not a local business.

Mr Rees Jeffreys, Chairman of the Roads Improvement Association and once Secretary to the Road Board, has been pointing out why our machinery for building new roads does not work, though it was set up 25 years ago. Successive Governments have refused to allow the Central Department for Roads to build the roads. They have passed the responsibility on to the local authorities, which will only build roads to serve their particular districts.

A Much-Needed Motor Road

County and District Councils, with their expenditures strictly limited, can only act within their own areas. They can survey their own needs only, and could not, if they would, take account of the needs of the country as a whole.

The consequence is that, apart from the approach roads to London or single county roads like that in East Lancashire or between Birmingham and Wolverhampton, there is only one great arterial road in the country, that between Glasgow and Edinburgh.

An example quoted by Mr Jeffreys is that of the urgently needed motor road from London to Brighton.

The Government's Duty

This road has to pass through the county of London and the other units of Surrey, East Sussex, and West Sussex. Why should Surrey and Sussex burden themselves to provide a road neither beginning nor ending within their areas? The answer is that they will not, and all these years the Central Government has sat stolidly in Whitehall asserting that its duty is to wait until the local authorities put up the money and submit a scheme.

Of course it is nothing of the kind. The duty of the Government is to put up the scheme and then ask the country, which will benefit from it, to pay.

One such national road calls for construction above most others. It is a direct road from London to South Wales with a bridge across the Severn. The big towns of England and Wales have waited for it for centuries. At present traffic from Bristol and south-west England to Wales must go round by Gloucester, and Gloucestershire is in no mind to pay for a £2,000,000 bridge over the Severn.

Road Making and Wealth Making

That is only part of the cost. A new artery for heavy and fast traffic continuing the existing Western Avenue due west and joining London to Cardiff would cost £5,000,000, including the bridge, but such an expenditure would be insignificant compared with the wealth the new road would create, the employment it would give, and the saving it would effect in transport costs and in relieving the existing roads from expense and traffic. This road is one of several which the increasing road traffic will make inevitable. Why should England wait?

One of the great troubles of America is that it is 48 separate countries instead of one. *Are we not in danger of falling into the same groove of inefficiency by regarding our roads as belonging to so many counties instead of to the nation?*

A LITTLE LEAGUE OF NATIONS IN RUSSELL SQUARE A Club With Members From Fifty Lands

MAKING FRIENDS

The houses in Russell Square look more or less alike, but in the one marked 32 the life of a miniature League of Nations moves vividly on its way.

The name Student Movement House appears over the door, and these words are full of meaning for many an Overseas student though still too little known to Londoners.

Student Movement House is a home from home for young people of every race and clime who flock to the more than 60 colleges of London University.

Here are rooms for quiet and study, for games and noise. At tea-time the drawing-room is filled with a friendly, colourful throng from 50 lands, eating, talking, laughing, arguing, or just enjoying a half-hour's rest. Here they come in their spare hours for music, dramatics, language classes, and talks.

Jew and Nazi

Here a brilliant young Jew, exiled by the Hitler régime, rubs shoulders with an enthusiastic Nazi, and good manners oblige both to keep the peace. The child of an aristocrat of Tsarist Russia and a convinced Communist find that they have language, tradition, temperament, and a deep love for Russia in common. The Japanese hear, perhaps, for the first time, an impassioned denunciation of their country's foreign policy by that good-looking Korean; but should feeling grow too intense one of the wardens brings in a note of humour that reminds the disputants they still belong to that "Big Family Under One Roof"—the Chinese sign for humanity.

Here a London student can make friends with people from all over the world. Today among the 500 active members he can find out what people of 40 lands think about, what grievances they nurse, what ideals they cherish. What a foundation for future travel!

Round the World

A friend of the C.N. has tried it. As a student, and later on in her work, she had a chance to make friends in many lands. Then a day came when she had need to go "round the world"—need, but only £100. But she managed it nicely, for friends looked after her at every place she visited.

From Shanghai she wrote us: "Little Ying was there at the wharf, bless her, looking cool and calm amid a shouting, seething mass of coolies. We went first to the hospital where she works and had pale tea and huge dates.

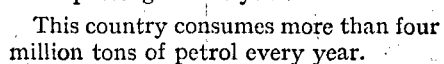
"The lodgings I planned for you are full up, my dear," she explained. "But if we find nothing better, you are to have my room here."

"It has been like that all along."

Like an Atlas Index

The bulletin board of Student Movement House looks like an index to an Atlas with its list of countries from which the 941 members come: Abyssinia, Annam, Argentina, Armenia, Australia, Austria, Brazil, British Guiana, Burma, Canada, Ceylon, China, Czechoslovakia, Denmark, East Africa, Egypt, Estonia, Finland, France, Germany, Greece, Holland, Hungary, India, Italy, Japan, Yugo-Slavia, Kenya, Latvia, Lichtenstein, Lithuania, Luxemburg, Malta, Norway, Palestine, Poland, Portugal, Rumania, Russia, Sierra Leone, South Africa, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, United States of America, West Africa, West Indies, New Zealand, and the British Isles.

This is one of the great good things of student life in London. Too few people realise the part it has to play in making a better world.



CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

APRIL 20 1935

The Good Heart of the World

It is a good thing in these dark days to remember, as often as we can that the heart of the world is sound.

We believe that there has never been a time when there were so many things right in the world. The pity is that there are so many things wrong.

But one thing we are sure of, and that is that there is little ill-will in the great heart of the common people of the world. It is not true that 70 million Germans hate 40 million French people, or that 40 million Italians hate the Abyssinians, or that 160 million Russians hate 30 million Poles. The common people of the world wish to live at peace with one another, and they have kindly hearts.

The C.N. has been testing it. We asked our readers to interest themselves in the poorest parish in England, Witton Park in County Durham, where 96 per cent of the people are out of work, and most of them have done nothing for 12 years.

In the few weeks that have passed our readers have sent to the vicar of this poor parish hundreds of letters of sympathy, hundreds of gifts of clothing, and £400 in money; and we understand that one of our readers, a building contractor who has a big heart, has offered to give work to 50 men from Witton Park. It is great news.

It does one good to think that most of the money our readers have sent to this poor parish has come from those who are poor themselves, some of it from old-age pensioners, some of it in stamps, some of it a widow's mite put by for a rainy day. We like the word the vicar sent us to say that he is consulting the leaders of all the Churches so that the best use may be made of all this kindness and charity for a little stricken host of 3000 souls.

They are our neighbours, still struck down by the war from which so many of us have recovered. They are weary with long waiting, but the opening of the heart of our readers to them has been like a miracle of good cheer, and these poor folk will take courage and begin to believe in the world again.

It is something to have done, to bring hope back to life, and we thank our readers for one more witness that the human heart does not fail in time of need.

For any more who would help this stricken place to rise again we repeat the address:

Rev J. F. Newell Farnell,
Witton Park, County Durham



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



The B.B.C. and the Race

WE confess our astonishment that the B.B.C. Announcer should think it well, at a time when grave issues are in the balance, to begin his news items with a long account of a horse race. Not content with giving the result of the race, he even told us who trained the winning horse.

When that was at length done with, we were given information about the German Conscription Crisis—second place for a matter on which the lives of millions depend, first place for a matter which robs the masses of hard-earned wages and makes new criminals every day!

May we hope that Lord Bridgeman, the new Chairman of the B.B.C., will read these words, which we feel sure would have had the approval of Mr Whitley, the last Chairman?

There Are No Lasting Enemies

NOW that all the Peace Visits are over we like to remember as one of the happiest incidents of them all the words with which M. Litvinoff concluded at a dinner to Mr Anthony Eden, the rising hope of all lovers of Peace in this country:

I raise my glass to the health of his Majesty the King of England, to the prosperity and happiness of the British people, and to your very good health, sir.

It is not that these words are in themselves remarkable; what is worth noting is that as recently as 1919 Russia was at war with ten nations, and that we were then supplying Russian Tsarists with armaments to use against the Bolsheviks. Not until 1924 was Soviet Russia generally recognised by the Powers, and now France courts her, and Russia has become a member of the League.

The moral is plain. *There are no irreconcilable nations.* Peace between foes is always possible. Was there not a time when English and Scots, who now only contend at football, were the bitterest enemies?

Parliament and Papers

Is it not a curious thing, which sets us thinking, to realise that even the State cannot do without the Press?

We noticed in a case the other day that the police declared they had brought it *chiefly to make the law more widely known.*

In other words Parliament passes a law and depends on the papers to make it known. A very curious world.

The Poet and the Spirit

WE read that our literary critics have been declaring that there are no living poets expressing the national spirit. Let them read William Watson.

I have but one merit, that of never despairing.

Marshal Foch

Under the Dictators

By Dean Inge

I SHOULD be very sorry to live under a dictatorship, for I like to say what I think.

In Italy I should be dosed with castor oil and banished to the Lipari Islands.

In Germany I should be beaten and put into a concentration camp.

In Russia I should be lucky if I were only shot.

Tip-Cat

TELEPHONE operators must be good tempered. What about subscribers?

THERE is a demand for alarm clocks. They are going off by the dozen.

PENTONVILLE hasn't enough flats to go round. Better make them square.

YOU can learn mathematics by post. It helps you to get one.

SOCIETY collects at Cheltenham. Not in the street.

IT is easy to alter the appearance of a car. Sometimes it is done by accident.

Peter Puck
Wants To Know



Why Spring gives
him a wound-up
feeling

DURING a cookery class a gramophone plays. Stirring tunes?

SOME babies cut their teeth early. Shouldn't be allowed a knife.

LOZENGES were provided at a

Berlin theatre. For those who hadn't a taste for music.

BULBS sold to North London residents by a hawker last autumn have proved failures. Have not come up to the scratch.

HOLIDAY-MAKERS should be sure to choose the right spots. Freckles?

How many pieces of music are recognisable from their first bar? asks a critic. Depends who's playing.

A BOY played truant from school and went to the seaside. Wanted a tanning.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

THERE are 1200 schemes now in hand for improving rural water supplies.

THE lady of an Acton laundry has left £5000 to her workpeople.

AN American manufacturer has left six English art galleries and cathedrals £1000 apiece.

MOTHERS and babies can now have light-lamp treatment at 13 Birmingham centres.

JUST AN IDEA

The heroism the world is wanting now is not that we shall give up our lives but that we shall be patient.

The Pilgrim's Bridge

AN old man travelling a lone highway
Came in the evening cold and grey
To a chasm deep and wide.
The old man crossed in the twilight dim,
That sullen stream had no fears for him;
But he turned when he reached the other side
And builded a bridge to span the tide.

OLD man, said a fellow-pilgrim near,
You are wasting your time while building here,
Your journey will end with the closing day
And you never again will come this way.
You have crossed the chasm deep and wide:
Why build you a bridge at even-tide?

THE builder lifted his old grey head.
My friend, on the way I have come, he said,
There follows after me today
A youth whose steps must come this way.
The sullen stream that was nought to me
To that fair-haired youth may a pitfall be;
He, too, must cross in the twilight dim.
My friend, I am building the bridge for him.

Mussolini Pays

WE understand that when, three years ago, a play by Signor Mussolini, *The Hundred Days*, was produced in London, there was a profit of £250, and that a demand was sent for income tax.

The Italian diplomatic agents charged with forwarding this taxpayer refusing to have anything to do with it, we are told that it was posted direct to Signor Mussolini.

At the time he was away in Campania, but on his return to Rome he immediately sent a cheque.

This is the most recent instance we have heard among many that the Duce knows how to play cricket.

The Promise of Toc H

REMEMBERING with gratitude how God used the Old House to bring home to multitudes of men that behind the ebb and flow of things temporal stand the eternal realities, and to send them forth strengthened to fight at all costs for the setting up of His Kingdom upon Earth, we pledge ourselves to strive

To listen now and always for the voice of God;

To know His will revealed in Christ and to do it fearlessly, reckoning nothing of the world's opinion of its successes for ourselves, and, toward this end,

To think fairly, to love widely, to witness humbly, to build bravely.

Resolution of Toc H.

THE GREAT GRID

WHAT IT DOES AND DOES NOT DO

Whole Country Still Waiting For Cheap Electricity

GREAT EXPECTATIONS DISAPPOINTED

We hail with much interest the Seventh Report of the Central Electricity Board, which shows increasing expansion, but we feel that much remains to be done to justify the immense expectations we have been led to share in looking forward to the completion of this great scheme.

A few years before the war that remarkable man Mr S. Z. de Ferranti, when President of the Institute of Electrical Engineers, devoted his presidential address to a proposal for an all-electric British power system.

He asked us to imagine a chain of great centres of power emission, the only transportation of coal in the country taking place when the power was not produced at the pithead.

Power from Public Reservoirs

Thus all small power-producing plants would be swept away, with their hideous accompaniments of chimneys and dirt. Power would be laid on from public reservoirs. For all power purposes whatsoever, whether for lighting or heating, transporting or manufacturing, electricity would be available.

He estimated that with 60 million tons of coal he could produce, with 100 stations of 250,000 kilowatt capacity each, 131,400 million units of electricity at a selling price of half-a-farthing a unit.

Many years have passed, and at last we have the National Electric Grid, but we have not cheap electricity.

Use Frustrated by Price

Not half our British houses are supplied with electricity, and far less than half our factories and workshops are run by it.

The use of electricity is still frustrated, and by price. De Ferranti's half-farthing does not hold good today because costs have risen, but they have not risen so much as to justify present-day charges. Four times half-a-farthing is a half-penny, and there is good reason to believe that given the proper degree of consumption which the price would call out, less than a halfpenny would supply current for all purposes.

All purposes! It is a term which conjures up a new nation, clean and wealthy, with all work, whether in industry, agriculture, or commerce, or for the city or home, performed in health and comfort.

Transformation of the Home

Every home could have its electrical refrigerator, cleaner, heating stoves, and cooker. Every bedroom might be warm in winter. The lives of women would be transformed and lengthened. Building would be simplified, for all chimneys, waste of wall-space, and chimney-breasts would disappear.

And our miners would benefit, for, although electricity would economise our coal the use of current would increase so enormously that more and not less coal would be needed.

The new Report of the Electricity Board shows that steady progress is being made in the national use of electricity. Compared with the rest of the world our progress has been rapid during the past five years, for our increase has been 50 per cent, while the world output has only expanded by ten per cent. This increased use of electricity has been uniform all over the country, even the depressed North-East England having exceeded the 1929 output for the first time.

The Grid System was planned to enable any area to be served with electricity as its needs happened to

THE CHILDREN'S R.A.

THE Children's Royal Academy, the name often given to the annual exhibition of children's drawings held in London by the Royal Drawing Society, attracted record crowds this year. The selection was made from drawings sent from all parts of the world. Many of the pictures were far better than some of the exhibits in the grown-up Academy.

Pictures of school friends, animals, plants, and machines showed the great interest taken by children in observing the world around them. The making of the new Domesday Book probably accounted for the Ordnance Survey maps in relief. There was a particularly good one of Hampshire modelled from papier maché, and an excellent map of Africa with brown deserts and forests made of fluffed green wool.

Children try to draw before they can read or write, and have often a wonder-

ful gift for putting movement on to paper. This was shown in the snapshot drawings by memory after observation.

Margaret Littleton, who is 12, excelled herself in her pictures of a girl leaping up to catch a ball, a child drying herself after bathing, and a clown springing on to a galloping horse.

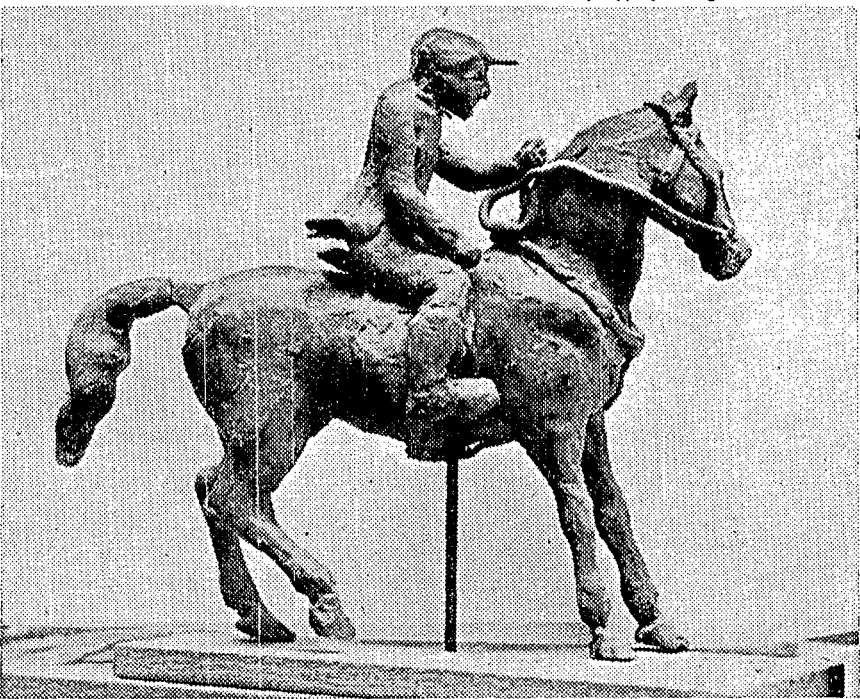
Dick Haszard, who is only five, made a valiant effort at a portrait of himself on a spring day. Six-year-old Timothy Crick sent some good paintings from memory of an ice-breaker and a swiftly-moving steamer he had seen at the cinema; while there were splendid galloping shire horses by Dora Barrett. Delightful holiday paintings of children paddling and fishing were sent by May Audsley, and there were some gaily coloured designs for village signs and many posters. Everybody's favourite was the comical dog by Molly Macalister, a 14-year-old New Zealand girl.



My Dog, by Molly Macalister



A child at play, by Margaret Littleton



A clay model by Lisbeth Hawes, 11, of Uckfield, Sussex

Continued from the previous column
increase. Secondary rings (or lines of supply) can readily be fitted into the main system, and two of these have been included in last year's construction. A ring from Colchester round the coastal towns of Clacton, Frinton, and Harwich was begun, and by the end of 1934 the line to Clacton was in commission. The other secondary line is being constructed in Sussex as well as other work made necessary by the electrification of the Southern Railway.

The Grid has already saved the country over £9,000,000 by making available for general service generating plant which formerly had to be held in reserve. A grand total of 15,459,800,000 units was generated under the scheme last year, or 340 units for every man, woman, and child in the Kingdom.

As an indication of the employment provided by the electrical industries, the Report states that about 400,000 people are engaged in this industry today, compared with 215,000 in 1921.

WE WERE OVERTAXED LAST YEAR

A BIG SURPLUS AGAIN

Taxes That Need Not Have Been Put On Us All

THE BUDGET FOR NEXT YEAR

Budget Day has come and gone again. The Financial Year ends in March, and as soon after that as possible the Chancellor of the Exchequer submits to Parliament the nation's accounts, with his proposals for meeting them.

What he does depends upon prospects. The Budget is really a forecast—an estimate made in advance for the next financial year, from April 1935 to March 1936.

Again the nation has a big realised surplus of receipts over expenditure. It is shown that in the 12 months ended in March we actually raised nearly £20,000,000 too much.

What We Said Last Year

There is a surplus of £7,562,000 of receipts over expenditure, and there is, in addition, a big sum of £12,343,000 raised for National Debt interest which was not needed.

The Chancellor cannot hand these sums back to the taxpayers. By law they go to pay off debt. *But they ought not to have been raised.*

We said so last year. In the C.N. of April 14, 1934, we pointed out that there was for that financial year a realised surplus of over £31,000,000, and we added that "The real meaning of this is that the nation was taxed too highly in the 12 months ended March 31, 1934."

When the new Budget was introduced we said:

The Chancellor is repeating his mistake. One authority puts the expected surplus, not at the Chancellor's modest £29,100,000, but at £61,000,000. In the C.N. we have named a possible £50,000,000.

The C.N. figure was almost precisely right. The Chancellor distributed an estimated surplus of £29,100,000. The results have given him an additional £20,000,000. Thus £49,000,000 could have been taken off taxation.

The Budget We Should Like

Unfortunately the Chancellor has to provide for heavier armaments. The estimates of costs are up by over £20,000,000, and then there are special costs, such as those for the Distressed Areas. Also there still remain to make good the 1931 cuts in salaries.

Therefore, it is that so little can be done in these days for further remission of taxes. The Budget we should like to see would include capital provision for great national work to rescue the Distressed Areas and to improve employment generally, to pay our men for doing something instead of for doing nothing.

SUCCESS OF THE MERSEY TUNNEL

The Mersey Tunnel has distanced all expectations in the amount of traffic passing through it. Before it was opened an expert calculated that the monthly average of vehicles using the tunnel would be 132,500.

During the winter months the average has been over 150,000, so that with the bigger traffic of the brighter days these figures will be much exceeded.

The success of the tunnel should encourage the building of other tunnels for the immediate benefit of the unemployed and the permanent benefit of internal trade, which needs every transport facility it can get. Dartford Tunnel, for instance, would link up Kent and East Anglia in a marvellous way and be good for all.

GLASS SILK

ITS BEAUTY AND UTILITY
Another Romance of Modern Industry

FAIRY THREADS

A great new industry has come to stay. Broken or cracked milk bottles have become as useful as they were once useless.

The dairies and milk distributing centres of Glasgow now collect and send them to a factory, where they are melted down and transformed into that strange and lovely material known as glass silk.

One cracked milk bottle, it is said, may be changed into a fairy thread several miles long. The strands are only a thousandth of an inch thick. Odd pieces of broken glass of all shapes and sizes are also used.

The milk bottles are first put into small electric furnaces. Soon they become molten; run through small holes, and are then spun into strands on fast-revolving drums. Thousands of miles of thread, finer than strands of silk, are made into great hanks and placed in a drying room.

Millions of Minute Air Cells

When dry the threads are spread out, laid across and across each other, and quilted with asbestos thread. In this network are millions of minute cells of air which give the new material one of its most valuable qualities. It keeps out sound and keeps in heat.

Kinema walls are being covered with the substance to improve the acoustics, and floors, ceilings, and walls are being lined with it to make them soundproof.

On liners and in factories, steelworks, and so on boilers are made into great thermos flasks by being blanketed over with glass silk. As this keeps in the heat hundreds of tons of coal are saved. Even the little steam drifters are now having their boilers covered in this way.

The latest news of glass silk is that the criss-cross threads are sandwiched between ordinary panes of glass and used for windows. The new glass admits ultra-violet rays, and the light, instead of passing straight through, is caught on the many facets of the glass threads and diffused evenly throughout the room. The air cells trapped in the glass silk insulate the room, keeping the temperature even in winter or summer.

THE JUBILEE RUNNERS

The Boy's Brigade is to celebrate the Jubilee in a novel way.

Marathon runners, members of the Brigade, are to run in relays from distant parts of the kingdom to London to bring special messages to the King.

The boys are to start from John o' Groat's, Londonderry, South Wales, Penzance, and Lowestoft. They will travel day and night, and be timed to arrive at the Royal Albert Hall on Wednesday, May 1, for which day a Silver Jubilee display has been organised by the Brigade.

The Duke of York will receive the messages on behalf of the King.

BYRON SECOND-HAND

Some time ago the people of Ecuador wanted to erect a memorial to Olmeda, their national poet.

It was found too expensive to have one specially made, so a representative was sent to the junk yards of London for something suitable.

We hear that a second-hand statue of Lord Byron was found and purchased, and now anyone visiting Guayaquil may see this statue with "Olmeda" engraved on its pedestal.

London firms are to spend a million pounds on illuminations during Jubilee Week next month.

Pitpat and the Burglar

IN fact, not in fiction, we have just heard of the police being assisted by a cock bird in tracing a fugitive criminal. But the bird was not as other domestic birds are; even its history was different from that of its brothers.

The story begins on a peaceful summer afternoon in a suburban garden of Budapest. The owner of the garden, whom we will call Mrs K., was sitting on her verandah sewing when a dark object fell, apparently from the skies, into the syringa bushes close by.

Mrs K.'s husband, going to see what it was, found a tiny black chicken lying on its side and seemingly at its last gasp. It must have been carried off by a hawk and dropped in mid-flight, for the marks of a hawk's talons were still visible on its little body.

Filled with pity, Mrs K. did what she could for the little creature, which picked up its strength in a few days, and in time grew into an exceptionally fine young bird. It was given the name of Pitpat, and being tame, affectionate, and intelligent, became a favourite.

In daytime it stalked freely over the premises, keeping an eye on all that went on, and admirably fulfilling the functions of a watch dog; at night it slept with the other chickens in an outhouse where Mrs K. also kept her winter provisions and various other treasures.

On one cold February morning Mrs K. arose to find the outhouse plundered of everything it contained, including the chickens and—Pitpat. The police were informed, and strange to say succeeded in tracing the burglar almost at once.

Pitpat had not only resisted capture but fiercely defended his mistress's property, as was evident from the black feathers scattered over the floor; and though he had been captured at last, and only too probably killed on the spot, he had managed in the struggle to tear a bit of stuff from his captor's coat.

This tell-tale scrap of cloth was found among the feathers, and as it exactly matched a hole in the coat of a suspicious-looking character found drinking in a neighbouring public-house, easily led to his conviction.

THE COLDEST SPOT IN THE UNIVERSE

A COLD more intense than exists in outer space is being reached in an Oxford laboratory.

There has been competition for some time past among scientists to attain the greatest possible degree of cold. What is known as absolute zero, 273 degrees below the zero of freezing-point on the Centigrade scale, is unattainable; but in a laboratory in Leyden they claim to have achieved a temperature of 0.052 of a degree on the absolute scale, which is sometimes called the Kelvin scale (after its inventor). Very complicated apparatus was required to reach this degree of cold.

In Oxford, however, Professor Simon of Breslau has been attaining 0.8 of a degree Kelvin, and doing so twice a week. This temperature is colder than the space between the stars, for that is warmed by the stars themselves.

The very movement of the particles of a gas creates heat by friction as they jostle each other in their ceaseless motion, and thus matter would have to be perfectly still before the absolute zero could be reached.

Extreme cold is obtained through the liquefaction of gases, and helium was the last gas to be liquefied. It boils at about 269 degrees below zero, and if it is made to boil under reduced pressure a temperature two degrees lower is reached. The new experiment employs liquid helium as the cooling agent of certain salts which have been brought down to one degree above absolute zero and magnetised. Then the salts are demagnetised, causing further loss of heat.

Professor Simon has thus attained a degree of cold below that which exists millions of miles away in the immensities of space.

ARE THERE TOO MANY SHOPS?

THE nation has a million shops, and the Shop Assistants Union seems to think this too many.

As it means a shop for every twelve families in the land, this speaks of a high degree of competition in selling. The Union calls it chaos. Most of the shops are small, but it is the big shops that do most of the trade.

It is said that the great competition in opening shops has led to an increase of 300 per cent in unemployment in 11 years, the paying of sweating wages to tens of thousands employed, much overwork, 10,000 bankruptcies involving £15,000,000 in three years, and the placing of even some of the biggest shops in a difficult position.

A plea is made for the registration of shops, as is already done in some countries. If a town had a register

its council might be empowered to prevent the extension of shops unless the town could be shown to need it.

The growth of the distributors has been extraordinary. In 1922 there were 996,080 insured persons engaged in distribution; in 1933 the number had risen to 1,992,000, as many as 756,450 being women.

A bad feature of the situation is the cutting-out of little independent shops. The local shopkeeper is often a man of importance, and his profits are spent in his home town, but when he is driven out by a big shop the profits are drawn by shareholders who live far off. That damps local spirit.

We need not wonder that there are so many shop assistants out of work. The number of those unemployed has risen in two years from 75,941 to 223,847.

DESERTED PRIMROSE STREET

A C.N. reader had an eerie experience the other day.

He was walking in the heart of busy Manchester when he turned a corner and was suddenly struck by the deserted appearance of the street. Every house was empty! Here was an empty mission hall with broken windows, its modest pews coming to pieces. Here were empty shops and empty offices. A queer-looking house had streaks of white, as though someone had started to paint it and become tired long before it was finished.

Hurrying on, he passed through street after street, all forlorn and deserted. But this scene of desolation was no dream; after a little the mystified explorer realised that he had stumbled upon the Manchester Slum Clearance

scheme! The white-streaked house had been painted with lead to seal up its crevices, and the rows of small, dismal houses were waiting to be pulled down.

Danger, Danger, House under Gas! But the slums were not being blown up, as the startled visitor at first supposed; the houses were being fumigated before destruction.

It was on a journey such as this, perhaps even more than in their days of living squalor, that the names of these streets appeared so sadly incongruous. Violet Street, Primrose Street, Rose Street, Leaf Street they are called, but the only thing about them to bring spring thoughts of freshness and cleanliness is the knowledge that they are doomed. Welcome Street, too, is only welcome to depart.

A THRILLING DISCOVERY

Dispersal of an Old Belief
PROOF THAT DANISH VIKINGS WERE BURIED IN THEIR SHIPS

A thrilling discovery has just been made in Denmark by a wealthy archaeologist, Herr Helweg Mikkelsen, who has more than once before enriched his country's national museum with precious finds.

What he has found now, after long and patient searching, is a Viking ship, the first to be found in Denmark; a ship, moreover, which from its position under a raised hillock was evidently the coffin of some chieftain. The find upsets the hitherto popular belief that Danish Vikings were never buried in their ships as were the Norsemen and the Swedes.

Queen's Last Resting-Place

In Norway two such burial ships have been found. One was evidently the last resting-place of a queen. In the burial chamber, which lay just behind the mast, there were found the skeletons of the queen and her serving-woman as well as cases filled with all sorts of objects such as lamps, scissors, and toilet articles; while in the stern of the boat there were, besides pots and pans and other household utensils, fourteen horses, three dogs, one ox, and a quantity of foodstuffs. The most interesting find of all was a beautifully carved carriage and three sleighs. Evidently this unknown queen was not going to mope her days away in her celestial halls, but was determined to have as good a time in the next world as she had had in this.

In the other Norwegian ship were found, besides the bones of the chieftain interred in it, the skeleton remains of twelve horses, six dogs, and a peacock.

A Battle of 986

Of the present find only fragments have been unearthed, and weather conditions will have to improve considerably before it will be possible to dig deeper and lay bare the burial chamber. But medieval scholars have established the date of the ship to be the end of the tenth century, and have a strong suspicion that it holds the remains of one Vagn Aageson, mentioned in Snorre, who is known to have taken part in a naval battle in 986 and to whom a family well known in this district traced its descent.

THE OLD TRACK UNDER THE STREET

What 100 Years Have Seen

In Melbourne a vast concrete emporium towers above one of the busiest streets. Its straight modern lines tower to the sky; and sleek limousines pass smoothly by.

Some alterations were being made to the basement, and the workmen delved deep into the ground. Suddenly one of them struck a large log. Next to it was still another, and in a few minutes there were revealed the remains of the old corduroy track which had been laid a hundred years ago for the passage of bullock teams across the swampy ground.

Nearly a foot in diameter, these logs are in excellent preservation, and it is strange to think that they had lain there all those years to become, in the year of Melbourne's Centenary, a reminder that so little time had passed between the rough timber track of a passage through virgin bush and the smooth surface of a road lined with towering buildings and humming with the traffic of a modern city.

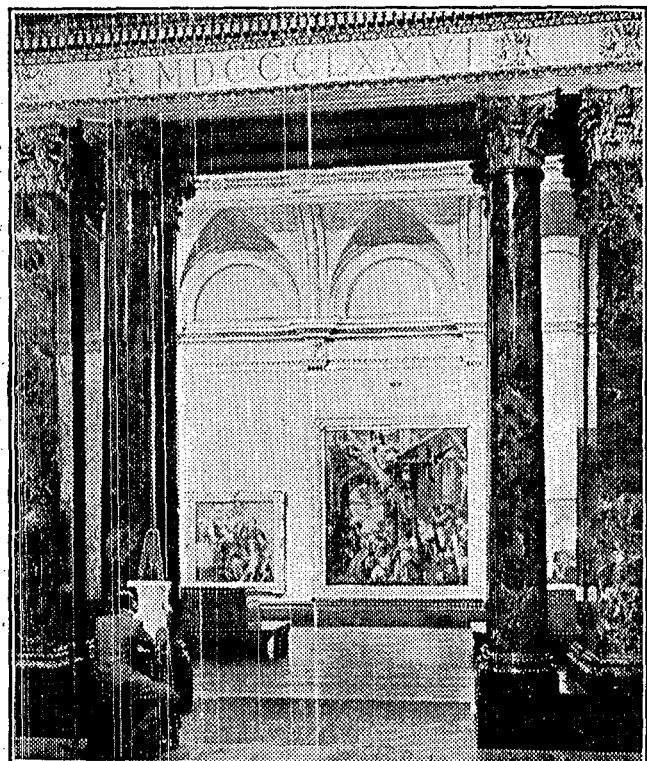
To Mothers Everywhere

A celluloid toy may cost your child its life. Do not have it in your home

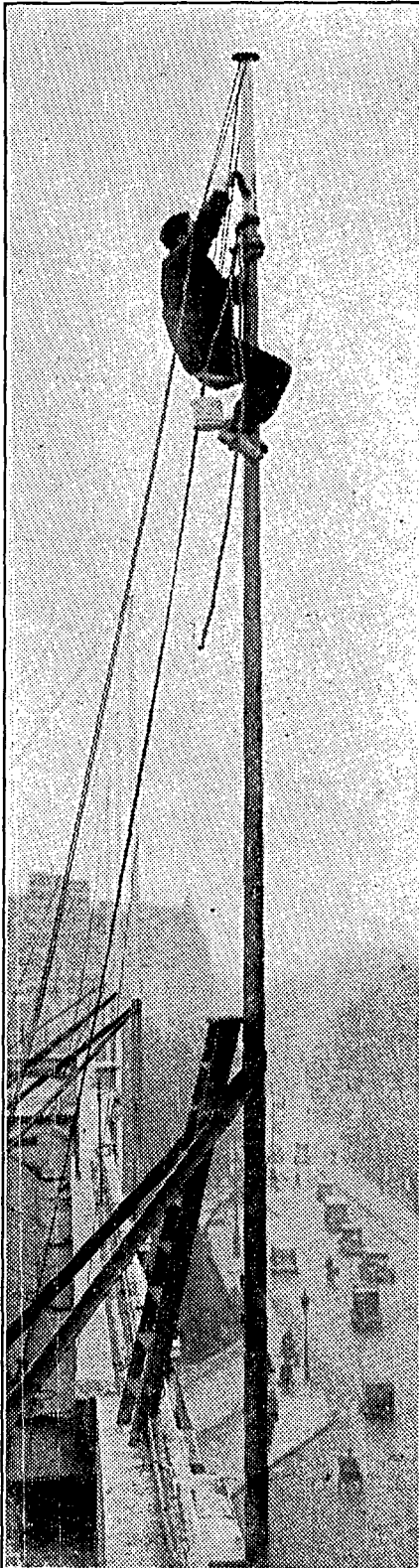
PAINTING A FLAG-POLE · NATIONAL GALLERY LIGHTS · BELGIAN CONGO



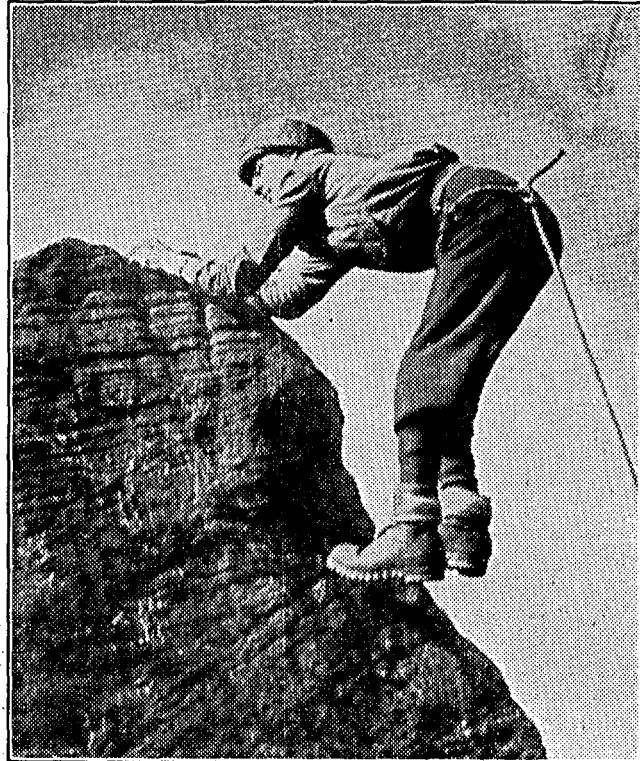
The First Slice—A farmer about to start cutting up a haystack near Pulborough in Sussex.



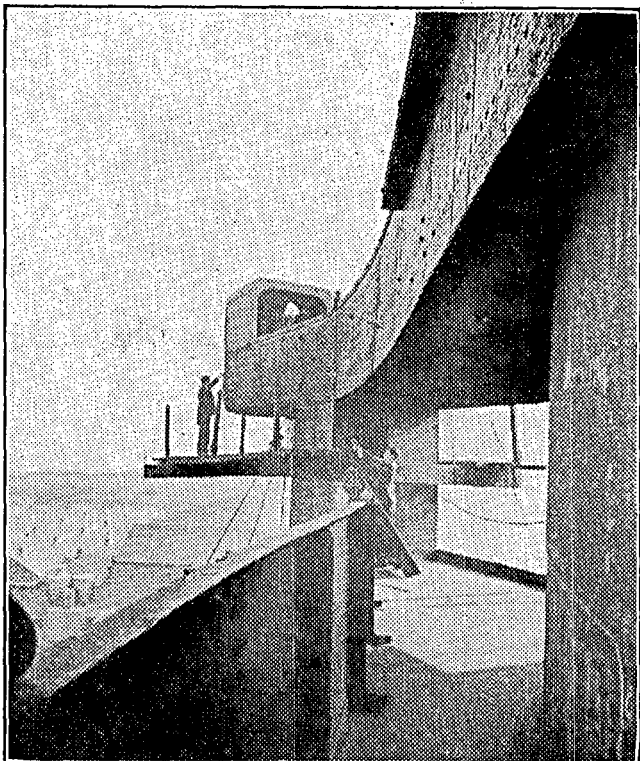
The National Gallery at Night—A picture taken in the National Gallery by means of the new General Electric lighting system.



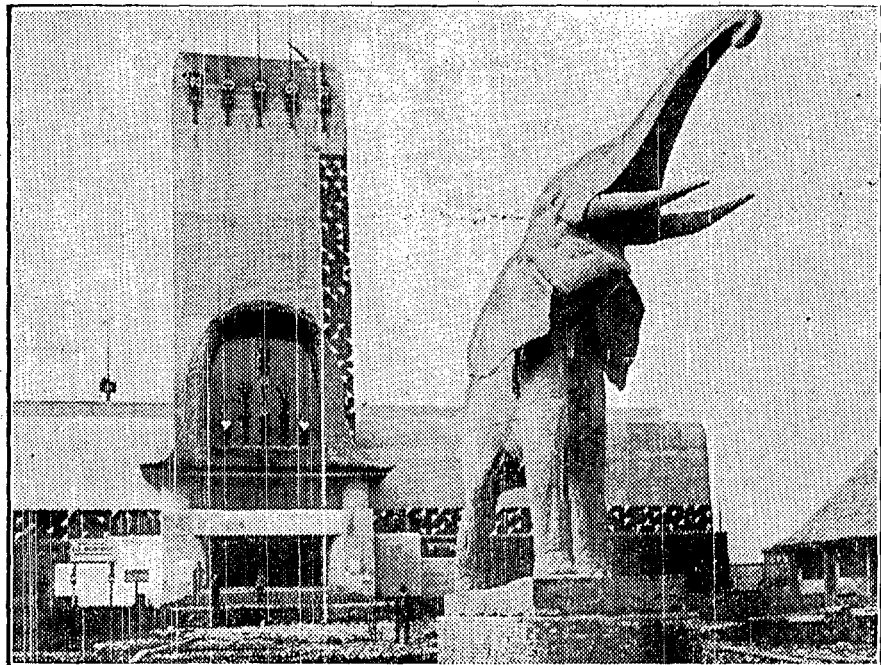
Painting a Flag-Pole—A 60-year-old London steeplejack at work at Madame Tussaud's.



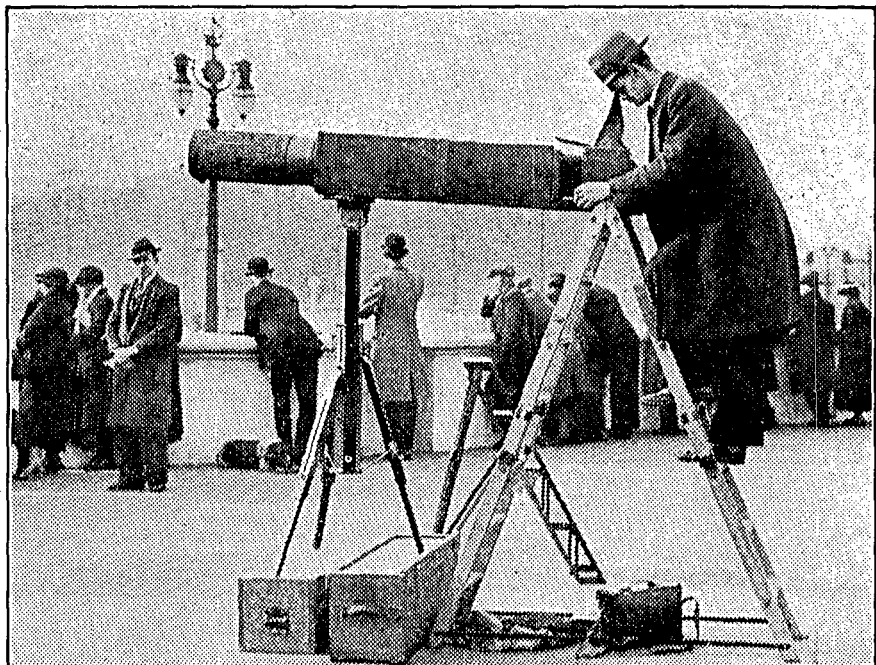
Near the Top—A Harrogate Rover Scout climbing in the Valley of Rocks at Ilkley.



The Captain's Bridge—At work on the Queen Mary, which towers high above the roofs of the Clydebank workshops.



The Congo in Brussels—Next week the great Brussels Exhibition opens. Here is a sculptured elephant standing in front of the Belgian Congo pavilion.



Not a Vest-Pocket Camera—A photographer sets up all the apparatus he requires for taking a long-focus picture in front of Buckingham Palace.

GIANT DOUBLE STARS

CORONA BOREALIS

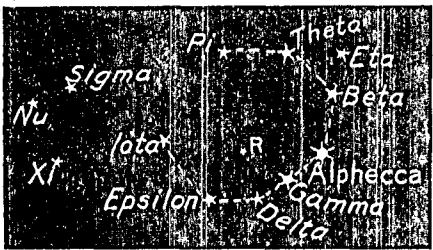
The Stellar Jewels of Ariadne's
Celestial Crown

LARGEST KNOWN SUN

By the C.N. Astronomer

The Moon will pass in front of the bright star Antares in the very early morning of Monday next, April 22, and will occult this, the largest known sun; but as the Moon does not rise until nearly 1 o'clock, Summer Time, the star's disappearance cannot be observed. Its reappearance takes place about 2.5 a.m. from behind the west and dark edge of the lunar disc, which will be at half-moon phase.

As the Moon will be very low down in the south-east observation is likely to be difficult. Observed through a



The chief stars of Corona Borealis

telescope such an event is of great importance to astronomers for timing the Moon in her motions.

That most interesting little constellation of Corona Borealis, the Northern Crown, is now to be seen of an evening high in the east where, with the aid of the accompanying star-map, it may be readily identified some way to the left of the brilliant Arcturus.

None of Corona's chief stars is bright except Alphecca, which is of second magnitude; nevertheless they form a distinctive group that will be much in evidence until the late autumn.

From very ancient times these stars have symbolised a crown, the early Greeks, some 3000 years ago, regarding it as Ariadne's Crown. One legendary story states that the Crown was given to Ariadne, who was the daughter of Minos, King of Crete, by Bacchus; another account makes Theseus, who married Ariadne, the bestower of the Crown; in yet another narrative Dionysus is the donor.

Corona is one of the few constellations that suggests its name, its chief stars consisting of the eight which form the crown together with some small outlying stars and a very faint one marked R, which at times dies down to 13th magnitude and then flares up again.

Alphecca is an immense sun radiating about 40 times more light and heat than our Sun, but from a distance 3,800,000 times farther away, the star's light taking 61 years to reach us. From Beta, which is some 13,000,000 times farther away than our Sun, light takes 204 years to get to us, so Alphecca is nearer to us than Beta, and also Epsilon, which is 148 light-years distant, while Delta is 251 light-years away.

Suns of the Northern Crown

Double suns are a striking feature of the Northern Crown, Gamma possessing two suns, one greenish while the much smaller one is lilac in hue. Both are much larger than our Sun, and together about five times as massive, the smaller sun revolving once in 87½ years in an orbit which averages 3070 million miles in distance from the large central sun. As their light takes 148 years to reach us they must be 9,367,000 times farther away than our Sun.

The faint star Eta is also composed of two suns, very similar to our Sun, revolving once in 41½ years round a common centre of gravity; they are only about 40 light-years distant.

Sigma, a very faint star, is composed of two suns similar to ours, but 4,346,000 times farther away. G. F. M.

THE UGLY PLACES

MORE GREEN FOR
BETHNAL GREEN

What Came of Making a List
in a Note Book

LONDON GARDENS

A member of the Gardens Guild noticed so many ugly places in Bethnal Green that she made a list of them. In a few days her note-book was crammed with observations.

Then the new London Gardens Society took up her suggestions, and it is hoped that gradually all the eyesores will be transformed into places of beauty.

In the hope that this good idea may be copied in other cities we print a few extracts from her notes.

In Virginia Road a load of good soil and a few plants would be a very acceptable gift. The tenants, who take an immense pride in their little front gardens, are very poor, and there are only a few cheap plants scattered about.

In Columbia Road a small triangular piece of land would be improved if planted. In Columbia Market there is an open space in the centre which could be made into a perfect paradise if laid out with a fountain and a few flower-beds and benches.

Lack of Colour and Beauty

On one side of St Thomas's Church is a derelict piece of railed-off land, a fine sunny strip which could be greatly improved. A rough asphalt space is unsightly and depressing. The approach to Ion Square is marred by a small railed-off derelict corner.

In two streets the houses have iron open-work window-boxes, but scarcely any have even a pot of flowers. What a sight it could be made! Two plots of land in the centre of some Borough Council flats are planted with gloomy shrubs. No benches for the tenants. Except for one window-box a complete lack of any colour or beauty. The windows have no sills.

Where Cambridge Circus meets the Hackney Road there is a large derelict triangular space. If a few old walls and rafters were removed a pretty space could be made.

At the Oval, Hackney Road, the Centre is a good-sized plot of land kerbed round. Surrounding tenants complain that dust blows from it into their houses. It is handy to the canal for water. This public nuisance could be made into a beautiful little haven for the people.

A Neglected Square

A small triangular piece of land railed off in Gibraltar Walk could be much improved. Burnham Square is neglected. Good soil and plants would transform it. In Digby Street there are a few front gardens, only one of which is planted. A big effort is being made in balcony gardens in Green Street. Delightful effect. Above Skew Bridge is a good fenced-in plot of land. It has a few loads of stones; otherwise it appears unused. In Bonner Street there are two ugly corners railed off. A derelict grassy site can be seen through an archway in Brierly Street. Some cottages had been apparently demolished here. Appears to be a piece of No Man's Land; would make a delightful garden.

Other observations show the possibilities of what can be done by cultivation. Six of the houses in Pritchard's Road have long gardens which bear good crops of black grapes, and more than one little garden in Bethnal Green is so gay with flowers in summer that it might put a country garden to shame!

A Sussex inn called the Stand-up is kept by Mr Startup.

There were 60,000 new telephone subscribers in the last three months of 1934.

A new daily air service between London, Prague, Vienna, and Budapest is to be in operation in the summer.

THE NEW DESERTS

Planting a Great
Forest Belt

Our readers may remember that the United States has in hand the planting of a great forest belt through the prairie States to restore conditions of fertility to vast tracks of land whose surface has been reduced to desert.

Canada, also, is faced with the same problem. As in the United States, scratch farming, in which the natural fertility of the soil is taken and never replaced, has reduced great plains to infertility. The winds have blown the ruined soil far and wide, and there are no trees to bring rainfall or restore humus. Thus vast grass lands have been turned into desert.

Now the Canadian Government has to repair what never should have been

The Safeway

The Car takes the Highway

The Walker takes the Pathway

We cross by the Safeway

destroyed. Rivers are to be dammed and irrigation schemes carried out at enormous expense. Quick-growing trees are to be planted by the million. The cost will be great, but the losses are greater. Crop yields have fallen by hundreds of millions of dollars a year.

Those who possess great areas of land owe it to the world to preserve them. Canada has only 10,000,000 people, but there are hundreds of millions of the world's inhabitants who cry aloud for land to use.

WILL MAPPA MUNDI
CATCH YOU OUT?

The Jigsaw of the World

Of what country is Reykjavik the capital? Iceland. Capital, right first time! But can you place Caracas, Antananarivo, Leopoldville, Georgetown, and Dar-es-Salaam?

Peter Puck had a fine time the other day in the C.N. office displaying his knowledge and ignorance with the Mappa-Mundi game, made by Waddington's and sold at 3s 6d. First of all there is a jigsaw to be made up. It is a map of the world in glorious colours, and though Peter made a few mistakes (such as trying to put Siam into South America and the Canary Islands among the East Indies) he got on swimmingly until he came to the sea. To fill that in all hands were needed on deck.

Peter thoroughly recommends this game to all. He will let you into a secret: some of the grown-ups in the C.N. office were quite as thrilled with it as he was, and there was much heart-burning when three of them insisted on putting a card for the capital of Paraguay—Quito and La Paz and Caracas they tried—and none of them was right!

SHIPS AND PITS

World's Navies and Coal

That doughty champion of coal, Captain Bernard Acworth, points out that, apart from America, no nation except ours uses oil fuel exclusively for its Navy. What they do is to use both oil and coal.

Thus the 10,000-ton French cruisers use both fuels. They carry 1800 tons of oil, but they are fitted with coal bunkers, which greatly increase their radius of action while giving them additional protection against gunfire. Six French battleships also use two fuels, coal being the chief one.

Of nine Japanese battleships, four use both fuels. Of the Italian battle fleet, two ships use both oil and coal.

All this is of great interest and importance to miners and to all of us.

THE TIRED DRIVER

ON THE ROAD

AND LONG HOURS IN
THE FACTORY

Serious Questions Now Being
Looked Into

OVERWORKING CHILDREN

The question of long hours in factories and on the roads has been receiving attention and the matter is being dealt with in various ways.

The Factory Report points out that better trade has been accompanied by an increase of illegal employment.

There has been a marked increase of cases in which it has been necessary to prosecute for offences under this head, including instances of long hours worked by young people. One of the worst cases was that of a boy employed for 156 hours in eleven days, including spells of work of 22 and 37 hours.

Employment of Young Girls

Another case concerned the employment of girls of 14 and 15 at night and for long spells of work. In some cases the employment had been from 8 until 12.30 and then during night from 6 or 7 until 3 the following afternoon. Some workers had been employed for 14 or 15 hours at a stretch, with only three-quarters of an hour for a meal.

The Court of Referees heard the application of a boy in a japanning works who was dismissed for refusing to work overtime. It was found that over a period of several weeks boys under 18 had been employed from 7 a.m. to 8 p.m.

Long Hours in Bakehouses

The report mentions long hours worked in bakehouses. A lad of 16 was employed in a bakehouse at night, including Sunday nights, his hours on Fridays being from 6.30 p.m. till 1.15 p.m. on Saturday, nearly 19 hours. Women were also employed in this bakehouse from 6 a.m. until 10.30 and 11 p.m. The occupier of another small bakehouse employed a girl under 16 for periods of 15 to 18 hours, with no proper intervals for meals, and on one occasion nearly 36 hours were worked.

In a cheese-blending works women and young people were employed for 78 hours during a week, including Sunday. At a small aerated-water factory boys were employed from 6.30 a.m. until 11.30 p.m. on weekdays, and for hours varying from three to fifteen on Sundays.

How readily the law can remedy such an evil is now being shown in the working of the 1933 Road Traffic Act. Under this Act the Licensing Authority can refuse to license the vehicles of any firm which is compelling its drivers to work longer hours than are permitted by the law.

Licences Withheld

Haulage and similar firms have to keep strict timesheets for all drivers, and the District Licensing Authority can send its Examiners to inspect these sheets, in order that licences can be refused to firms sweating their drivers.

In one of the Licensing Courts Sir Henry Piggott withheld the licences of two big firms owing to dissatisfaction with their timesheets, which showed that the lorry-drivers were working far too long, a fact the C.N. has often insisted on.

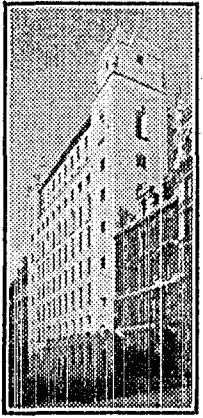
The limitation of hours was imposed in the Act of 1930, but this was disregarded because the authorities lacked powers to bring the offences home, a state of affairs now remedied under the new Road Traffic Act.

Toynbee Hall hopes to raise a Jubilee fund of £50,000 for extension work.

What shall we call the R.H.A. (the Royal Horse Artillery) when the horses are dispensed with and replaced by mechanical equipment?

ALL THE WORLD IS ON THE TELEPHONE

The Miracle in Which Man Has Harnessed Nature's Invisible Powers



Faraday Building
The World's Telephone
Exchange

WE have no time in these days to realise how wonderful this world is. One more marvelous dream has just come true: *the whole world is on the telephone.*

The other day our Postmaster-General spoke from London to Tokyo, and with this conversation was completed the miracle of bringing the world within speaking range.

It has been the work of two generations, but most of the speeding-up has come about since the war, and it is a stupendous achievement that must be attributed largely to the electrical brains of this country.

Only a few roofs divide the C.N. offices from the G.H.Q. of the Talking World. It is Faraday Building, a fine structure which hides some of the glory of St Paul's from us when we stand on Blackfriars Bridge. We must all be sorry it does that, but we may all be proud of what else it does, for within its high walls are to be found the ears of the world.

Half the countries of the world must come through Faraday Building to speak to one another. If Japan would speak to Australia, Faraday Building must put them through. If Cairo would speak to New York, or Paris to the Cape, they must be put in touch on the banks of the Thames.

Telephone and Telegraph

Let us look back to the very beginning of this great miracle of making it possible to talk anywhere. It is interesting to remember, while we read, that to talk by telephone at all is to do something which Nature would never have managed without the aid of man. Nature carries our voice a few hundred yards, but man can carry it round the world—*completely round the world eight times in a single second.*

There are many people alive who can recall their thrill at the news that two men out of earshot in America had spoken to each other over a wire, for it is only 59 years since this great event took place.

Like many another invention, the telephone was based on a previous one, the electric telegraph, which had been used for nearly 50 years; but in telegraphy the human tongue had to be translated into a strange and awkward dialect of short and long taps expressed in writing as dots and dashes. It was very wonderful, and the biggest ship in the world was launched to carry a cable across the Atlantic in order that the Old World and the New might communicate with each other by these primitive signals. But no direct question and answer are possible in telegraphy, and there is nothing so satisfying as human speech.

Would anyone today listen to a wireless stuttering like a typewriter?

Alexander Graham Bell

It is to the devotion of a Scottish family to their afflicted fellow-men that the telephone owes its beginning. Both the father and grandfather of its chief inventor, Alexander Graham Bell, had been keenly interested in the education of the deaf and dumb. A student of Edinburgh University, Alexander went to Canada in 1870, and was invited across the border to become Professor of Vocal Physiology at Boston.

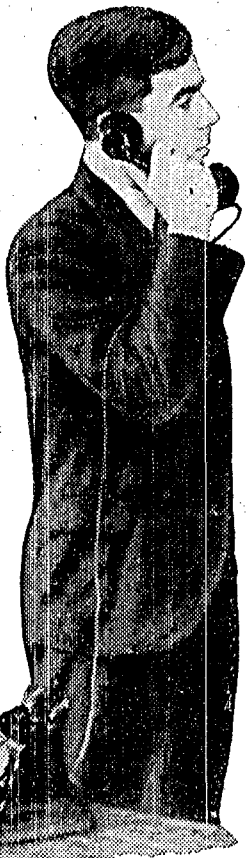
Having invented a system by which deaf mutes could be taught to speak, he set to work to devise an instrument

which would enable the deaf to see what was being said to them. In simple terms this is what he did.

Having connected two electro-magnets with a long copper wire he put a light iron reed in front of the first magnet, through which current was flowing from a battery. Behind the distant magnet he placed a similar reed. When he spoke the reed vibrated as the sound waves hit it hundreds of times a second and affected the magnet so that it sent over the wire an electric current varying with the movement of the reed. When this current reached the other magnet it affected its attractive force so that it vibrated the reed behind as the first reed was vibrating.

When Bell saw the reeds vibrating in unison he realised that instead of benefiting the deaf only he had within his grasp something which might serve all mankind. Giving up everything else, he worked desperately for nearly a year on an instrument which would produce audible waves at its far end. By experimenting with the human eardrum he succeeded at last in perfecting discs of soft iron, one to vibrate when affected by sound waves in a transmitter, the other to recreate those sound waves as an electro-magnet vibrated it in a receiver.

Then he carried his wire from this room in a noisy Boston machine shop to the basement and asked his assistant to



listen there. On March 10, 1876, this man heard distinctly: "Mr Watson, come here; I want you." Wild with excitement, he rushed up three flights of stairs and burst in on the inventor shouting: "I can hear you; I can hear the words."

In a few weeks this "improvement in telegraphy," as the Patent Office described it, was fitted up at an exhibition in Philadelphia. No one paid any attention to it for six weeks; then the Emperor of Brazil saw the young inventor whose class for deaf mutes at Boston he had visited a few years before. With outstretched hand he stepped forward, saying: "Professor Bell, I am delighted to see you again!" It was Alexander Bell's opportunity, and he seized it like a Scotsman. He asked the Emperor to put the receiver to his ear and walked to the transmitter at the far end of the hall. No one knew in the least what was likely to happen, and the group of people waited expectantly.

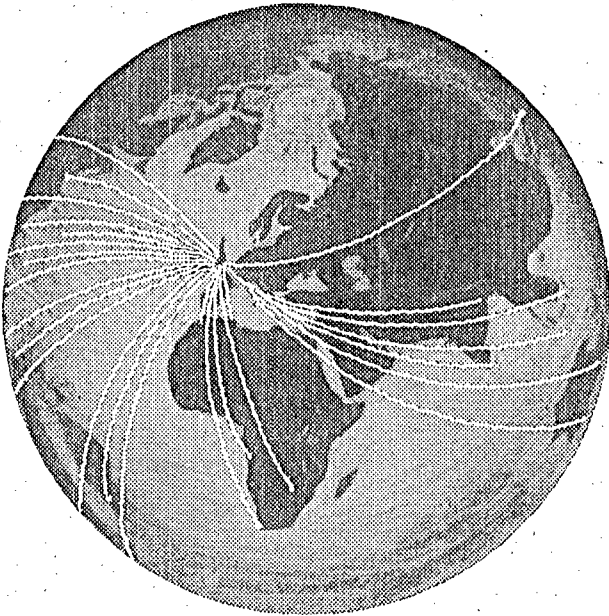
"It talks!" cried the Emperor in amazement. He handed the instrument to one of the members of his party, and it happened by a remarkable stroke of fortune to be another Scotsman, perhaps the most understanding man to whom it could have been given, Lord Kelvin, the greatest authority on telegraphy then living.

"It is the most wonderful thing I have seen in America," said Lord Kelvin; "it does speak."

Lord Kelvin brought back with him to England two of Alexander Bell's experimental instruments, and in the course of a few months people miles apart were talking to one another.

Many changes and improvements have been made in that primitive telephone of 1876, the most striking being in the instrument into which we speak today, which is a microphone.

This is a box of tiny granules of carbon normally lying loose and preventing the current from passing into the telephone wire. When the aluminium diaphragm vibrates to our voice it presses in varying degrees on the carbon granules, which then permit the electric current to pass, and its quality bears an exact relation to that of the sound waves.



The earpiece is still practically the same as Alexander Bell's.

One great difficulty the telephone engineers have had to face has been the loss of current as it passes through the wires, especially in submarine cables. The current lagged, making the sound waves incomprehensible at the receiver. The first Paris-to-London telephone was laid in 1891, but only when special coils of wire (called Pupin coils) were wound round the cables at regular intervals did long-distance telephony become practical.

But time has overcome all difficulties, and in 1915 the first transcontinental telephone line in America was opened from New York to San Francisco.

Since then the network of telephones has grown so that the wires would reach many times to the Moon and back.

There are now over 150,000,000 miles of telephone wire in the world, and of this total the United States has more than half, with over 17,000,000 instruments by which their owners make more than thirty thousand million calls a year.

In Europe there are 45,000,000 miles of telephones, and Germany, with nearly three million, leads in the number of instruments. Our own country comes next with 2,300,000, and France third with about 1,300,000. Little Denmark, where the service is mostly run by private companies, has over a million miles of wire with 600,000,000 conver-

sations a year over them. Sweden has a telephone for every ten of her people.

Canada stands easily first among our Dominions in its use of the telephone. It has over five million miles of wire and over 13 people in every 100 own telephones. Australia has half that mileage and about a third the number of users. One in ten of the population of New Zealand has a telephone.

Japan, which completes the chain of world telephones, has developed its use considerably in recent years. In four years she has increased the length of wire from 2,790,000 miles to 3,375,000, and her subscribers from 655,000 to 727,000.

With the spread of the telephone every possible device and invention has been introduced to save time, money, and labour. Messages can be sent together over the same wire, sharing schemes have been introduced, and, above all, the system has been largely made automatic. The automatic exchange is one of the wonders of the world, and already over half the 34 million telephone instruments in the world are fitted with automatic dials. We can even have our messages written down for us.

Wonders of Wireless

Wireless has, of course, vastly increased the range of the human voice, filling in those gaps over the world which no telephone cable can cover. The wireless invention of the amplifier helped to extend the distance over which the electric current could carry the human voice; for when placed at relay stations on a long-distance cable the amplifier picks up and magnifies the currents as they weaken on their way.

Yet cables still have their limitations, and it is wireless that has enabled all the telephone users in the world to speak with one another.

In the enormous development that has taken place in the last few years England has had the leading part. She is the telephone centre of the Western World, and Faraday Building in London has the keyboard to which the telephone wires of all Europe run for talks around the world.

The land-line must still take its part in a conversation across the world, and for this reason. It is not possible to carry on a natural conversation between two wireless stations; there can be no "cutting in" on a speech. Therefore, the outward message has to be sent into the ether by one wireless station and the reply received on a slightly different wavelength by another wireless station at a distance. Land-lines co-ordinate the two stations at each end of the route, so that each speaker uses his telephone in the normal way.

England and the Continent

The development of overseas telephony in England has, of course, led to a great increase in the calls on Faraday Building, which has a staff of operators speaking every European language. Since 1925 the number of telephone conversations between England and the Continent has trebled; there are thousands every day, and about a million and a quarter every year. The 37th cable was laid to the Continent a little over a year ago; it weighed a thousand tons, and along the 19 wires bound together in the cable as many as 76 conversations can be carried on at one time.

A very different cable this from the thin strand which carried Alexander Bell's voice to the ear of the Emperor of Brazil, and amazingly different are the great instruments in a wireless station from the tiny transmitter he used; but the chief source of this world-wide conversation was in that little room at Boston in 1876.

Arthur Mee's Broadcast

MAN CAN NOW SAY—LET THERE BE PEACE

Why, then, if men have clothed themselves with such great powers, has the world come to this? Why have the men of this Age of Wonder fallen back to the Age of Stone?

It is because the eyes of men have been closed to the Vision, because the liberty of men has been a mockery, because the selfishness of men has enslaved the race in ignorance and toil. It is because knowledge is to the masses of the people a closed book; because the great power of man is to millions a dead and unused thing. It is because democracy has been in the past the prey of unworthy kings.

With the world safe for democracy the new world dawns. The powers which, working slowly, have swept away the horrors of the past will, working quickly, sweep away for ever the dragons that still beset our path.

Relics of the Incredible Past

In spite of the war and the victory of freedom, in spite of the faith in which our heroes died, it is true that tyranny has raised its head again, and the genius of mankind has been captured by the powers of evil. This mighty brain of man, which could make this world a paradise in twenty years from now, how low beyond all thinking it has fallen!

Yet let us remember this. The oldest of all human curses is war. It began in the days of the great cave bear and it has lasted until now; it grew with what it fed upon, and when man no longer fought his neighbour war served the purposes of kings. It bred a spirit of hate among the people; it sowed the seeds of human jealousy; it fed the greed for power; it fastened itself to the thrones of Europe and supported itself in the people's will on the great illusion that war and conquest were the road to power.

And so the old curse of war came up into our time, with slavery and torture and disease and all the relics of the incredible past. Slavery has gone, torture has gone, most disease can be stopped when we are tired of it; and war—what of war? Only this, that it is most assuredly killing itself faster than its worst enemy could have hoped to see it go.

The price must be paid, but when did Satan and his hosts give way without a holocaust? When that great abolitionist William Lloyd Garrison was dragged through Boston for denouncing slavery, the thing he had set himself to pull down was the mightiest vested interest on the Earth.

The Suicide of War

And war—what sort of vested interest is that? For fifty years it has drained the lives of men, has bought up their bodies, consumed their brains, turned to its own purposes all the resources science and invention and ingenuity could command. The concentrated wonder of this Age of Wonder was packed into this foul thing, and there it stood, the Frankenstein Horror of the human race, the last refuge of barbarism left in the world, casting its hideous shadow over the lives of men. It was not by such means as Acts of Parliament that this thing could fall; it could not go as slavery went; you could not buy it out.

We could stop the burning witches; we could bring our little

children up from the mines; we could put down flogging in the Army; but the greatest vested interest on the Earth, with nearly every crown in Christendom wrapped up in it, with gold poured into it unceasingly, was not to be put down like that. This last of all the monsters of the past must kill itself. This was the only way. We are witnessing the suicide of war.

If we have seen the progress of the world perverted and turned to false ends, we shall yet see progress come into its own again, and a few years of war to end war is not a greater evil than another generation of preparation for war. We must not be cast down because the last fight with barbarism is the worst of all; let us rejoice that at last the end is coming, though we pay the bitter price.

There is such a noise in Europe that the people cannot sleep, and no power exists on Earth that can stop the people when awake. Strange it is that the world has

come to this, and that the age that has made the human voice immortal, that has magnified the voice of a man so that it reaches round the globe, has not a voice that can be heard today above the noise of Europe; but every man knows what the peoples of the world are saying, what the mothers of the world are thinking.

They are saying that this shall be *Never again*. One half of the human race is leagued together to say that it shall never be; not since the world was made have so many people come together in any single cause.

And of course they will win. All through history men have seen it—the invisible allies have not failed. In the great conflicts of Might against Right, Right has always won.

In the ancient world Greece rose to her mighty height, but she wrung her power from slavery, and slavery sapped her foundations. Rome ruled the world, but she neglected her children, and died

of luxury and disease. The greatest empire on Earth set out to destroy Christianity, left in the hands of twelve simple men, with followers who hid like moles and criminals; but its enemies have disappeared, and the followers of Christianity, left in the hands of twelve, are in number as the stars. Spain swayed Europe with terror, and her pitiless Armada was broken by invisible hosts—"God sent His winds and they were scattered." The plague that held whole nations in its grip was swept away by men armed with but poor and clumsy tools.

The Invisible Victors

With all the teeth and claws against him, man beat the tiger and the bear. The reformers have always beaten kings. A boatful of exiles believing in God beat the kings of England and founded the United States. Where is John Hampden, where is John Bunyan, now—and where are the Stuarts? We threw down Napoleon though it took us twenty years; William Lloyd Garrison threw down slavery though it took him sixty years; and the revolt of man against slavery has beaten every empire that ever built up power with it. Nothing has ever beaten Liberty.

In the war between the visible and invisible powers the invisible always win. The history of humanity, it has been said, is a battle between ideas and interests, and the interests always win for a moment, but in the long run the ideas. The Universe is moral, and every child justifies it, says Emerson; and we remember how Victor Hugo adds so beautifully, *Every child trusts it*. We shall overcome the powers of evil when we trust in the powers of good; we shall be strong to victory when, clean and true and purified, we lay our cause and purposes bound by gold chains around the Throne of God. Some trust in chariots, some trust in horses, but as for those who win immortal victories, their trust is in the Living God.

Nature's Way

He who has brought us out of terrible darkness into noonday light, who sways the heavens and guides the world and loves a little child, will not leave us now. Storm and thunder, earthquake and volcano, they all precede the calm. It is Nature's way of balancing her forces, and the great calm will come to us again. We live in clouds and shadows, and the burden is almost greater than we can bear; but through the mists of all these days,

*There behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow,
Keeping watch upon His own.*

Once before in the history of the world the extremes of Peace and Force have met, and it was "not this Man, but Barabbas." But the invisible forces were weaving on the loom of Time, and the spirit that men rejected is the warp and weft of the foundations of the world. They can never be shattered nor broken, for they are one with the eternal powers.

We stand at the dawn of Man. The lowly creature of the caves has climbed to the throne of the world and crowned him with immortal powers.

In the beginning God said:
Let there be Light.
In our own day Man may say:
Let there be Peace.

A NEW BOOK BY AN OLD MASTER

Pigeons and Spiders. By Maurice Maeterlinck. George Allen & Unwin. 4s 6d.

When we were children M. Maeterlinck delighted us with his story of the adventures of Myltyl and Tytyl in their search for the Blue Bird of Happiness.

Maeterlinck himself is always a searcher, and in the story of his quest for light on the mystery of life and the power behind it he enthralls us again and again. He leads us down what appear to be side-tracks, yet most of them seem in the end to lead us toward the goal.

Now we have two more of his essays, sympathetically translated for us by Mr Bernard Miall, this time exploring the lives of the water spider and the pigeon. Maeterlinck confesses that the pigeon is of less interest than many insects; but even so, as he reminds us, there is much that we might learn about the pigeon. In a little over 30 pages he not only tells us what is known about this common bird but continually opens the door of the unknown; his is the wisdom which realises how much there is still to learn.

Neither Gentle Nor Peaceful

The female pigeon spends most of her life caring for her eggs, on which she sits for about three-quarters of the day, the male taking the other quarter. Once the eggs are hatched the young are quickly made to fend for themselves, for the mother immediately proceeds to lay more eggs, two succeeding two. Maeterlinck calculates that within four years the descendants of his two Fantail pigeons will number 8000.

In spite of this continuous breeding the pigeon takes little interest in building a nest:

The male bird goes out into the country and chooses, solemnly and clumsily, a few twigs, which are always too long, too stiff, and full of inconvenient angles. Having paraded them among his fellows, with a busy and important air, he carries them to his wife.

She, unwilling to discourage or offend him, accepts them with satisfaction, does her best to bend them, and then, finding them useless, discreetly relegates them to a corner. Nothing more is said about them, and the eggs are laid and hatched on the bare stone or plank.

Maeterlinck allows to doves and pigeons few of the virtues generally ascribed to them. They are neither

gentle nor peaceful, he says. He tells us of the Pouter and the Fantail, of the Tumbler which for thousands of years has performed (apparently for its own pleasure) the latest stunts of our aeronauts, and of the Carrier, with its unexplained power of finding its way home; and he concludes by informing us that this comparatively uninteresting bird was practising long before man existed many things which we have only just succeeded in imitating and others which it seems unlikely that we shall ever be able to imitate.

Turning to the essay on the water spider, we find the powers of Maeterlinck's hero, compared with the powers of man, even more to our disadvantage.

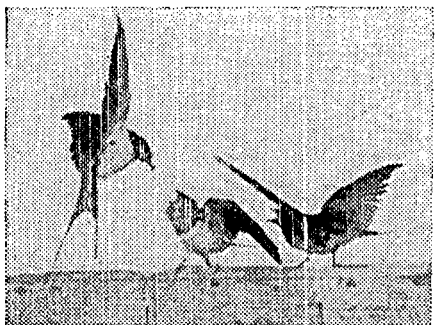
The water spider is found in European waters. Like the rest of the Arachnids it breathes oxygen from the air and cannot extract oxygen from water, yet all its food is found in water. So it does as our divers do, taking its air with it, held in a transparent silvery bag which disappears immediately the spider leaves the water and is remade instantly when required. So, with only head and claws and part of the back protruding from the oval bubble, the water spider carries on a life in the water as if this were its normal element, and needs but seldom to come to the surface for fresh air.

Secrets of Common Things

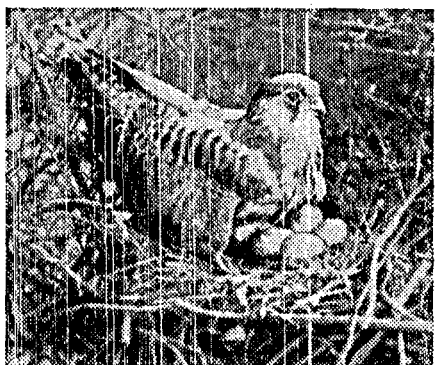
Maeterlinck discusses how this air-bubble is formed, and describes the more ambitious diving-bell which is in the nature of a permanent home, moored to weeds or stones in a pond. It is like a silver thimble filled with air, where the spider can live without its bubble. Sometimes the female will make a second bell for her eggs, or divide her large bell into two storeys, the upper one being the nursery.

Had Arachne known all that Maeterlinck has to tell us about spiders she might have counted it an honour rather than a punishment to be turned into one of these marvellous insects. As for us we are grateful once more to the famous Belgian author. His new little book will surely inspire many of us to observe for ourselves the secrets of the common things about us. There are thousands of Nature's paths untrod, any one of which may bring us nearer to an understanding of the mystery of Life.

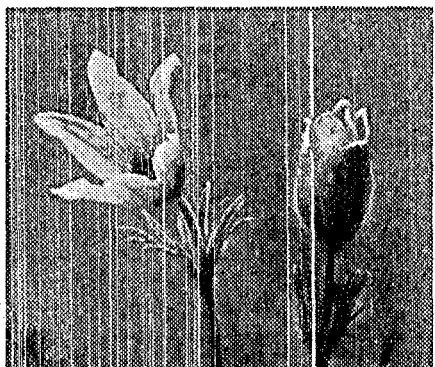
NATURAL EVENTS OF NEXT WEEK



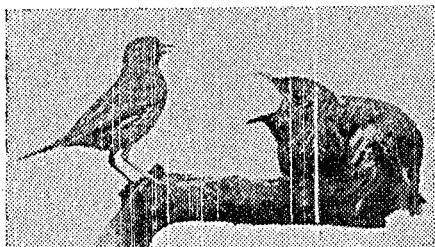
It is a sure sign of Spring when the swallows arrive. They remain until late September



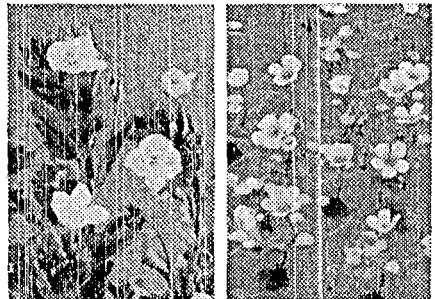
The kestrel is laying its eggs. This specimen has used the deserted nest of a carrion crow



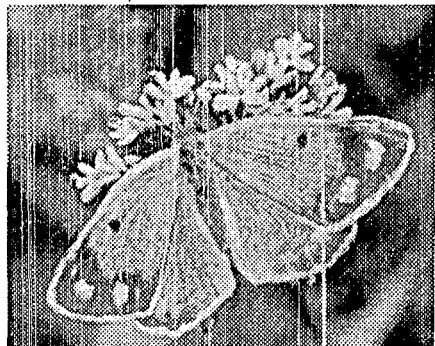
The pasque flower, a species of anemone, is now in bloom



Some young cuckoos are already hatched. Here is one being fed by its tiny foster-parent, a meadow pipit



The germander speedwell and the water crow-foot are now in blossom



The clouded yellow butterfly is now seen

POSTER STAMPS What the Shops Do on the Continent

We have all seen the C.N. poster stamps, but how many readers know that on the Continent poster stamp collecting is almost as popular as postage stamp collecting is with us?

About forty years ago there was a chocolate manufacturer who owned a single shop in Berlin. He thought of the idea of giving away attractive poster stamps advertising his shop and telling all about his chocolates. All who went into the shop and spent about sixpence received a set of stamps. His idea was so successful that today he is the largest chocolate manufacturer in Germany.

All the great shops in the German cities, and in Paris too, now issue poster stamps. Suppose you were shopping at Tietz's in Dusseldorf, the Selfridge's of Germany. When you had completed

100,000 Miles of Free Rail Travel

Now the Easter holidays are here there is plenty of time for boys and girls to enter for the great C.N. Mapping Test, full particulars of which are given in the special Supplement to The Book of the Southern Railway which was given with the C.N. dated February 23.

All boys and girls are asked to do is to fill in on the outline map of Southern England the forty places mentioned in the album, and for the three hundred best attempts awards are to be made which total 100,000 miles of Free Rail Travel. Thus the C.N. provides its readers with an interesting Easter holiday pastime, with the possibility of free rail travel for the summer holidays. Do not let this opportunity pass, but send in your attempts now.

With the Poster Stamps given with the C.N. this week 36 of the forty spaces in the album can be filled. Four more stamps will appear next week, making the collection complete.

your purchases the assistant would make out your bill; you would pay at the cash desk; and the receipted bill would be handed to you decorated with a poster stamp, stuck on lightly so that you could easily take it off and put it in your album.

Just as postage stamp collectors grow excited about Black Mauritius Two-pennies, so there are rare varieties much prized by collectors of poster stamps. Some years ago, on the island of Rugen in the Baltic Sea, the local blacksmith issued a set of poster stamps. Only 5000 were printed, and because their number is so limited one of these stamps will fetch hundreds of pounds now.

SAVING LIFE BY NET

A new invention which may save many lives has been demonstrated at Cardiff.

It is a large flexible net supported by cylindrical corks. It was thrown into one of Cardiff's Municipal Baths, and six men, who had never made experiments with it before, were told to jump on to the net. It supported them sitting or lying.

This net can be unrolled down a ship's side and used as a ladder, or flung from a rescue ship into the sea beside a wreck. People can be lowered into the sea on it or can jump into it.

It is called the Flotanet and was invented by Messrs Bailey, Graham and Co., Ltd., ship repairers, of Cardiff, Newport, and Barry.

CUSTOMERS AND BUYERS Nations That Buy Most

How many people realise that South Africa is the second best customer for British exports? But so it is.

India heads the list, Australia is third, and Canada fourth. Our six best customers are, in millions of pounds:

India ..	37	Canada ..	20
S. Africa ..	30	Free State ..	20
Australia ..	26	U.S.A. ..	18

Then follow in order: France, Argentina, Germany, Denmark, Holland, New Zealand. These 12 countries, half British, take nearly 59 per cent of our exports, or about two-thirds of the whole.

Ireland and America

It is an astonishing list. The United States, with 128 million people, buys of us £18,000,000 worth, while the Irish Free State, with only three million people, buys £20,000,000 worth. It is also surprising that South Africa, with a relative handful of white people, buys nearly as much as India's 370 millions.

If we take trade per head, America buys 2s 9d; Irish Free State £6 9s 9d; Australia £3 18s 8d; India 2s 1d; New Zealand £7 8s; Canada £1 16s 4d; France 8s; Russia 5d; Germany 4s 3d.

The outstanding feature is that the British nations over the sea, with few white people, buy most per head from us.

Where We Buy

The nations from which we mainly import by no means follow the same order as those to which we sell. If we take the first ten nations to which we sell, and note their position as buyers, we get this curious result:

	Buys from us	Sells to us
India ..	1	5
South Africa ..	2	16
Australia ..	3	3
Canada ..	4	2
Free State ..	5	13
U.S.A. ..	6	1
France ..	7	10
Argentina ..	8	4
Germany ..	9	8
Denmark ..	10	7

Again we are struck with the American disparity. We are America's best market, and buy more from her than from anyone, but she is sixth on the list of our customers. That is because she so heavily taxes manufactures, while she sells materials that we must buy to live.

The conviction is forced home on our minds that, but for the British Empire, British trade would be relatively small. Almost universally foreign ports are nearly closed to the manufactures we mainly export. This helps us to understand how difficult it must be for Germany, Italy, France, and other industrial nations to sell their exports at all.

THE UNSEEN SIGHTS OF LONDON

Waxworks Beat Immortal Pictures

London sightseers visit museums more than picture galleries.

The Science Museum draws 1,255,818 visitors in a year, the British Museum 1,076,385, but the National Gallery only 500,000 and the Tate only 250,000.

More people go to the waxworks than to see some of the most famous pictures of the world.

The homes of famous men do not attract many people. Hogarth's house at Chiswick had only 278 visitors. Dr Johnson's house attracted 2384 visitors and made a better showing than Carlyle's. The home of Dickens in Doughty Street attracted only 1339 people. The existence of these places is not widely known or many more pilgrims would flock to them.

By Appointment

THRILLS FOR TEA TIME

Just imagine having eighteen of the loveliest biscuits to choose from at tea time! Ask mummy to buy you some.

Emblem Assorted Biscuits

PER HALF POUND

Made only by

CARR'S

of CARLISLE

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Please send me a week's free sample tube of Euthymol Tooth Paste.

NAME

ADDRESS

BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE

HIGH TIDE

A Cave Mystery

CHAPTER 17

The Legend

IN the afternoon Father Juan went up to the oak grove to see how Echegaray and Pablo were getting on.

Dick, fascinated by the new language that seemed suddenly to have come to him, decided to read some more of the Life of St Andrew; it was a lively story, anyway, full of myths, miracles, and adventures. To play the part of a scholarly monk more thoroughly he chose to read in Father Juan's library.

With the back of a high oak chair towering above his head, and the dusty volume spread out on a desk in front of him, Dick read slowly on and on until he came to a point where the narrative did not make sense. He looked back, and saw that he had turned over two pages at once. When he tried to separate them he found that the edges had been lightly gummed together. He prized them apart with Father Juan's silver paper-knife, and discovered between them a vellum manuscript covered with tiny, neat writing in characters that he had never seen before and could not read. The words were not divided at all. At the foot of the manuscript were two additions in other hands. The last was certainly Spanish, but he could make out little except a date—1557—and the words *cueva en un robledo*, meaning "cavern in an oak grove."

The rest of the afternoon he spent hunting through the book to see if there was anything in it that would give him a clue to the meaning of the manuscript. But it was still a mystery when at sundown Father Juan, Pablo, Echegaray, and Olazábal all trooped into the library.

"Look at my scholar!" said Father Juan proudly.

"He studies more than an archbishop," echoed Pablo.

Don Ramon and Olazábal winked at each other behind the backs of the two Asturians.

"Tomorrow morning," said Olazábal, well knowing that Dick took his lessons in the morning, "we're going to fit a new propeller to the Errequina. Want to see it done, Ricardito?"

Dick jumped up with sparkling eyes.

"May I, Father Juan?" he asked eagerly.

Father Juan looked sadly disappointed in him, and Don Ramon and Olazábal roared with laughter.

"Mechanics!" exclaimed the priest, now laughing himself. "Illiterate mechanics! But I'll wager Ricardo has got more out of his afternoon than you out of yours."

"You win, padre!" said Dick. "Look what I found in the Life of St Andrew!"

Father Juan took the manuscript.

"Hola, this is interesting!" He looked at it under a magnifying-glass. "My son, it's a page from an 11th-century chronicle!"

"What's it written in?" asked Dick.

"Latin; and in the curious cursive script of the time. It looks like—it's about a Villadonga that existed before this one!"

Father Juan slowly read the manuscript through to himself. Then he translated it aloud:

"These things having been suffered, the elders of the haven went to Count Roger of Ribadasella, he being lord of all the plain and their protector against the Moors, and begged that he would grant them leave to depart and leave the site desolate."

"The elders being assembled in the great hall, Count Roger called on them to produce witnesses who should testify to the evil fortune of the haven. And they answered him truly: Most noble lord, there is no need of witnesses. It is commonly known among all thy people that many have died of the perils of the sea and of bestial hunger. Then did Roger the Count rise up in wrath and bellowed, saying: Shall I abandon my coasts to the Norsemen and the Basques, and shall I give up my tithes of fish, because ye come to me with old women's tales?"

"And he battered with his axe upon the high table so that all were afraid."

"So the witnesses, of whom there were yet many, deemed it more prudent not to say what they had seen, and the elders departed. And shortly afterwards, Count Roger being slain in battle, they burned the village to the ground, and left the coast deserted."

"That's the end of the eleventh-century part," said Father Juan. "Now come two codicils. The first says:

Read and noted. Let an image of St Andrew be placed in the Cave of the Angels. (Signed) Aloysius, Abbot of Leon, 1332 A.D."

Serial Story by Geoffrey Household

"The second, which is in Spanish, says: Francisca Urrieta, burned by the Holy Office for witchcraft, and for worshipping at a cavern in an oak grove, delivered me this paper before she died. She assured me that it was of great importance, and that it referred to a village supposed to have existed formerly on the site of Villadonga. I cannot read it. It appears to have something to do with the ancient image of St Andrew. I am therefore filing it in the church copy of his life. (Signed) Antonio Menendez, priest of the parish of Villadonga. In the second year of the founding of the village, 1557 A.D."

CHAPTER 18

The Clue

PABLO was the first to break the silence. "No wonder we thought the Cave of the Angels unlucky," he murmured. "Truth lies in the people's lore, as the song says."

"Aye!" said Echegaray. "But Mother Urrieta was the last to know why those villagers deserted the coast and what the Cave of the Angels had to do with it. Now, I have inherited a little knowledge of the ancient religion of the Basques, and I can say that there are only two things which Mother Urrieta would have worshipped at that hole in the oak grove. One is a spirit of the dead and the other is—I've got it! Am I blind? Have I forgotten? I know what's in that underground channel!"

He spoke rapidly to Olazábal in Basque. He seemed to be asking Olazábal's opinion before he went any further. The captain was clearly surprised at Echegaray's hesitation, and nodded his head vigorously.

"May we know what the other thing is that Mother Urrieta would have worshipped in a cave?" asked Father Juan.

"Just read me one passage again, padre," replied Echegaray. "What was it that was commonly known among Count Roger's people?"

Father Juan referred to the manuscript. "That many had died of the perils of the sea and of bestial hunger," he said.

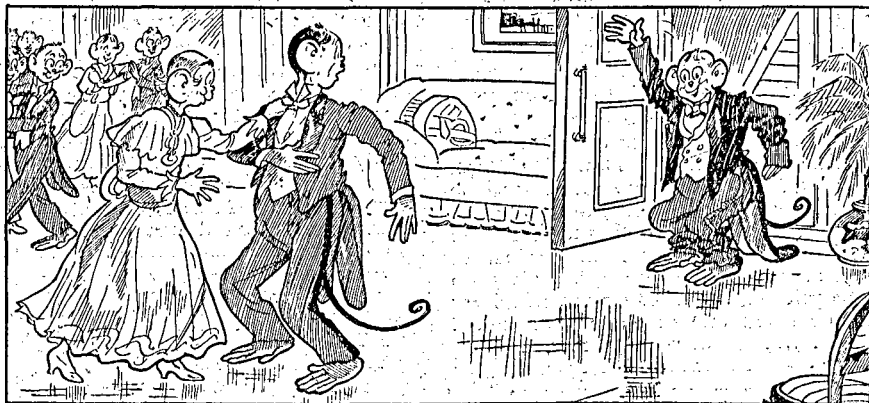
"Could that mean the hunger of the beast?" asked Echegaray.

JACKO TAKES THE BISCUIT

ADOLPHUS was returning to the office one afternoon when his mother handed him a letter.

"This came for you yesterday," she said, "but I am afraid it got pushed behind the clock."

Adolphus tore it open. "Phew!" he exclaimed. "An invitation from Sambo's mother to a dance party to-night. I'll telephone at once and accept. Bother it!" he added. "We're working



A weird figure was waving to him

late. No time to come home and dress."

"I'll take your things along in a suitcase," chipped in Jacko. "Sambo will let you dress there."

Adolphus gratefully tossed him some coppers for car fare and sweets, and Jacko soon set off.

But when his brother opened the case later he got a shock.

"Great Scott!" he exploded. "That silly ass Jacko has brought Dad's clothes instead of mine. What a fright I shall look!"

Poor Adolphus, who was a bit of a dandy, was in a frightful state.

"It could," answered Father Juan, looking closely at the line through his magnifying-glass.

"Then I will tell you a story," said Echegaray. "The first part of it is legend. The sequel to the legend has only just occurred to me. Mother Urrieta was worshipping a large snake in that cavern."

"Go ahead," said Father Juan.

"The Basques are a very religious people," began Don Ramon. "Consequently they loved their old pagan faith as well as they love the Church today, and they stuck to it long after the rest of Spain had accepted Christianity. In the time of Count Roger there were still plenty of pagans in the Basque provinces and the remote parts of Asturias. They secretly worshipped the spirits of earth and water and woods, and they believed that these spirits often took the shape of beasts."

"This secret worship, as Father Juan well knows, lasted until the 16th century. The Holy Office, according to their lights, were quite justified in burning Mother Urrieta. She was what they called a witch, a woman who continued praying to the old gods. She probably had certain very limited powers, which appeared supernatural, and I expect she admitted at her trial that the devil sometimes visited her. The devil did, but he was merely the high priest of her religion, wearing his ritual costume of a bull's horns and tail."

"I have heard," Father Juan interrupted, "that through sons and adopted sons the line of priests never became extinct, and that there is still someone who possesses all the ancient knowledge."

"That seems incredible in a modern civilisation, padre," replied Echegaray.

"Who knows?" growled Olazábal uneasily. "And what has this to do with the Cave of the Angels?"

"Plenty," Don Ramon replied. "It's the prologue to my legend. Once upon a time the sea-god was angry because he had very few worshippers left in Asturias to do him honour. So he sent beasts to punish the people. What these beasts looked like I don't know. Anyway, they were terrible creatures. The fishermen dared not put to sea, and even on land they were not safe, for the beasts would raid the huts on the sea-shore."

"Well, we have just heard how the Christians abandoned the coast—but the

pagans did not. Their elders sailed east to the Basque country to ask advice of the high priest, who told them that they must offer sacrifice to the beasts. Very practical advice, I should say, for so the creatures would eat what they were given instead of what they chose to take. But I do not think the high priest could have realised the poverty of his few faithful Asturians. They lived only in the remotest parts of the shore and the hills, and they had very little livestock for sacrifice."

"They offered what they had, however. Once a month, on the darkest night, the faithful rowed out to a flat rock in the sea, towing cattle and sheep behind them. These they left on the rock, and the beasts came and devoured them. Doesn't that suggest how Offering Key got its queer name?"

"Well, the few cattle they had were soon eaten up," continued Echegaray, "so they chose a girl to die for the people. When the high priest heard of the human sacrifice he was horrified, and he prayed to all the gods, begging them to deliver the people from the wrath of the sea-god. The gods heard his prayer, but they might not kill the sea-god's pets. So they decided to imprison them. With a shaft of his lightning the god of the gods shattered the entrance to the beasts' den, and closed it for ever."

"I expect the high priest did it himself," said Dick irreverently.

"It's only the legend I'm telling you!" exclaimed Echegaray.

"Well, you told it as if it were true, Don Ramon," said Dick; "and I don't see why it shouldn't be, all except that stuff about the gods."

"I don't see why it shouldn't be, either, Ricardito," Don Ramon answered, "and I dare say the high priest did have something to do with that rock falling into the channel. Though how he managed it I have no idea."

"And now what is the sequel to the legend?" asked Father Juan.

"Here's what I think it is," Echegaray replied. "The beasts remained in the cave, shut in by that rock on which we found Dick. They didn't starve, for a lot of fish go into that cave. Why, I don't know. But they do. I suggest that the creatures lived and bred and died there for several generations, and that now there is only one of them left."

"Why only one?" asked Pablo.

"Because we have to find a reason why one of the beasts should have got out in recent years, and never before. It wouldn't attempt to get out for curiosity or pleasure, since it knows no life but the cave and the darkness. It wouldn't get out for food, since, if my theory is right, there is enough food there. But it might be driven to get out by the instinct to find a mate."

"Poor thing!" exclaimed Pablo.

"Poor thing, indeed!" said Echegaray.

"I can imagine it driven by that impulse to a place it did not know existed, and trying desperately to get over that rock which closed the only possible way out. At the top of an ordinary spring tide it could nearly make it, but not quite. I can picture it leaping and leaping at the rock, and making the cave quiver with its screams. Then came a high spring tide, and at last it heaved itself on to the rock, and got out. It swam about, savage and lonely, and after a time returned. I think it came home while Dick was sleeping in the cave. The mud which fell on him dropped off the creature's body as it crawled over the rock."

"Well, as the years passed it learned to wait for the two great tides without making too desperate efforts between whiles. Generally, when it gets out, no lonely little ship has the misfortune to be in its path. But if there is one it attacks—sheer savagery, probably. Evidently the creature can jump out of the water like a seal, and its weight alone would be enough to overturn the San José or the Daphne."

"But such a beast as you imagine," objected Father Juan, "would be too feet long and heavy in proportion."

"It is," said Don Ramon. "Ask Ricardito!"

They all turned to Dick.

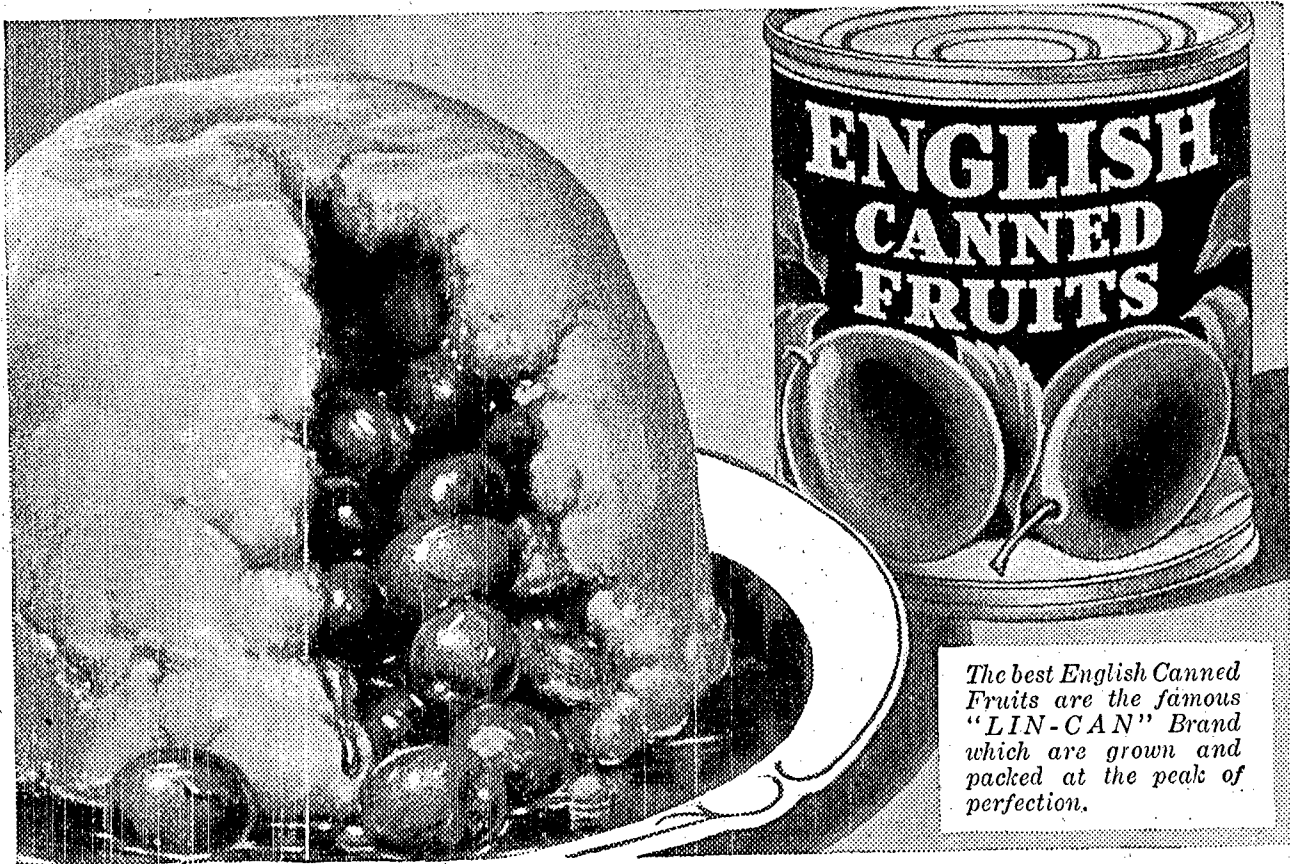
"Yes," said Dick. "The thing I saw fits Don Ramon's description. I never dreamed it was an animal. It was so big."

"For heaven's sake let's be sane," said Father Juan, stroking his white hair. "With your imagination and your gods and your witches, Don Ramon, you charm away all our common sense. Now, seriously, your whole theory is preposterous!"

"I admit it's all very improbable," said Echegaray, "but the theory fits the facts; and then I have no doubt at all that there are a few large reptiles left in the sea which we know little about."

"Sea serpents?" asked Father Juan, smiling gently.

TO BE CONTINUED



FRESH FRUIT PUDDING

Try this new way of making delicious 'Atora' Puddings, using the English Canned Fruits which are now available in such delightful quality and abundance. By this means you may enjoy the delights of fresh fruit puddings at all times and seasons. Puddings made from the luscious home-grown fruits like Gooseberries, Plums and Damsons are perfection itself when prepared with—

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RECIPE

for SUET CRUST for FRESH FRUIT PUDDINGS.

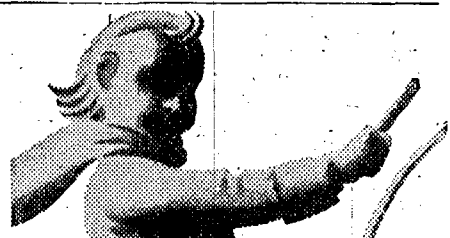
8 oz. Self-raising Flour, or 8 oz. Plain Flour and 1 teaspoon Baking Powder. 4 oz. Shredded 'ATORA.' Pinch of Salt.

Mix ingredients with the flour, add the Shredded 'Atora,' and mix, do not rub in, add water to mix to a firm paste (about a small teacupful) and roll out. Sufficient for 4 to 6 persons. Steam 1½ to 2 hours on slow fire or small gas jet.

N.B. When making fruit puddings with canned fruit, use the syrup from the tin in place of sugar for sweetening.

100 tested recipes are given in the 'Atora' Recipe Book. Send a postcard for a copy, post free from Hugon & Co., Ltd., Openshaw, Manchester.

N.1



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The Game of the Century!

The World's Biggest Jig-Saw and the World's Greatest Travel Game

THRILLING! Exciting! Enthralling! Instructive! This jolly game is all that and more. It takes you round the world, to lands of romance and mysticism, gives you hours of fun and entertainment and teaches you all sorts of interesting things about the positions of the most important places of the globe. The joyous part of the game is to place the capital cities in their correct positions. In all there are 500 square inches of Jig-Saw Puzzle to be made into a Map of the World.

An Education in Itself

500 SQUARE INCHES OF JIG-SAW PUZZLE TO BE MADE UP INTO A MAP OF THE WORLD



DO SCISSORS CUT A GOOD FIGURE?

we don't know — BUT

WE DO KNOW THAT SHARP'S the WORD and SHARP'S the TOFFEE

We like best of all

Much better—lasts longer—

KOLYNOS

TOOTH PASTE

Of all Chemists and Stores — YOU'LL KNOW WHY!

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STANDARD ASSORTMENT

FIFTY-FIFTY-TOFFEE and CHOCOLATE

MARIE ELISABETH

REAL SARDINES

in delicious oil are greatly liked by YOUNG PEOPLE, are good for them, and are not costly.

GOOD? Well, there are more of them sold than of any other. That should be convincing.

★ They can be had at every good grocer's in the British Isles.

THE BRAN TUB

Father and Son

A MAN passed one-sixth of his age in childhood, one-twelfth of it in youth, and one-seventh of it plus five years married. He then had a son whom he survived for four years, and who reached only half the age of his father. At what age did the father die?

Answer next week

Store of Knowledge

A LADY addressed an assistant in the local store. "Have you a circulating library here?" "No, madam," was the reply; "but in the furnishing department they have a revolving bookcase."

Railway Uniforms

RAILWAY workers have their uniforms supplied by their company. There are more than thirty different types of uniform on each of the big lines. There are 350,000 uniformed employees on the staffs of British railways. To provide clothing for them costs £500,000 a year.

Guess It

THIS riddle is an easy one: What has no legs and yet can run? Yes, it can run extremely fast: A water tap, you've guessed at last!

Let On Parle Français



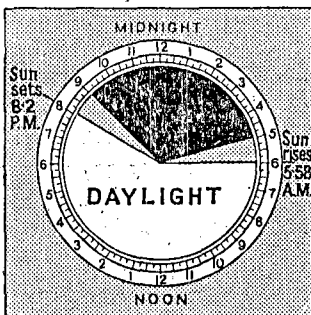
Le village La vigne Le violon

Elle visite souvent son village. La vigne porte de belles grappes. J'aime le son mélodieux du violon.

Now Find Them

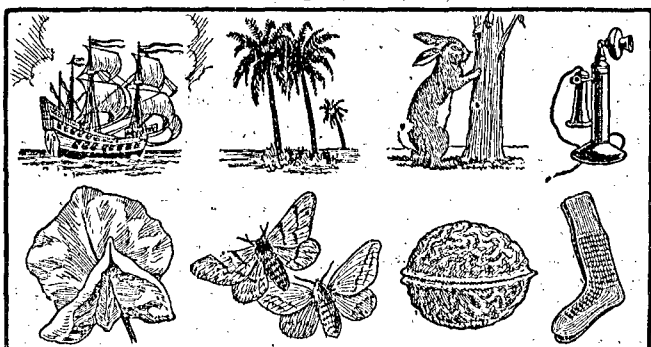
RASTUS was taking a little unauthorised rest when the farmer came round. "Where's the hoe, Rastus?" asked his master. "Wid de rake, Boss." "And where's the rake?" "Wid de hoe." "Well, where are they both?" pursued the farmer. "Dey's both togadder, Boss."

Day and Night Chart



Daylight, twilight, and darkness on April 20. The daylight is now getting longer each day.

Poster Stamp Picture Puzzle

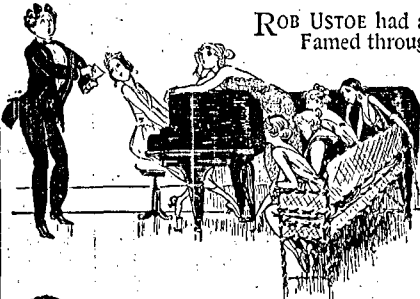


WHEN the names represented by these pictures are arranged in the right order two consecutive letters taken from each name will spell two places in the C.N. Poster Stamp Album of the Southern Railway. Each row of pictures represents one place.

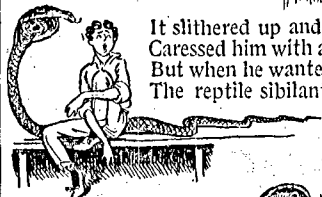
Answer next week

For All I Know He's Singing Yet

ROB USTOE had a baritone Famed throughout India's Torrid Zone.



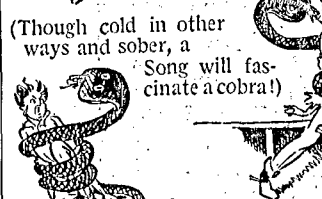
One morning as he idly fluted On his verandah, convoluted And striped with scales of black and yaller, There came a cobra-di-capella.



It slithered up and, as he sung, Caressed him with a flickering tongue, But when he wanted to desist The reptile sibilantly hissed.



From eight at morn till late at night He had to sing without respite.



(Though cold in other ways and sober, a Song will fascinate a cobra!)

For all I know, beneath its throat, The wretched Rob is singing yet.

A Figure Puzzle

TAKE the figures 1 to 9 and arrange them in the form of this cross in such a way that the upright line of figures will add up to the same as the horizontal line.

Answer next week

Right and Left

THE rule of the road is a paradox quite. For in orderly riding along, If you go to the left you are sure to go right, But if you go right you go wrong.

The Slacker

TWO small Europeans were having a discussion about their ruler. "My dad thinks he's done a lot of good," said the first. "I'm not so sure," said the second. "He hasn't closed the schools yet."

Riddle in Rhyme

MY first is in butcher but not in meat, My second's in welcome but not in greet, My third is in water but not in milk, My fourth is in linen but not in silk, My fifth is in cracker but not in squib, My sixth is in pencil but not in nib, My seventh's in talking but not in sing, My whole is a warm and useful thing.

Answer next week

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planet Venus is in the West, Mars, and Neptune are in the South-East, and Jupiter is South of East. In the morning Jupiter is South-West and Saturn is low in the East. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 7 a.m. on Thursday, April 25.



The Cure

SAM: What is this illness that herrings have? Jack: What do you mean? Sam: Why, it says in this book millions are cured every year.

Driven Through the Wood



A LONGING for the country possessed some little Nails, They wished to see all country things—birds, beasts, even snails. They wandered far, then, wearily, beside the road they stood Till a kindly Hammer came along and drove them through the wood.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Buying Sheep
A had £40 and B had £180
Poster Stamp Puzzle
Royal Tunbridge Wells
Enigma: Bed
The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

D	A	F	T	D	E	N	P	A	D
A	R	E	A	R	O	T	O	R	P
T	E	A	P	I	R	A	T	E	S
E	R	A	I	D	B	C	E	D	E
A	N	N	E	A	L	A	T	T	I
A	L	N	Y	A	R	N	S	G	D
S	T	O	O	K	T	O	E	T	I
P	O	N	Y	T	H	E	W	S	T

Tales Before Bedtime

Wandering Willie

WILLIE was a very restless little boy. He could hardly sit still long enough to eat his breakfast.

One Monday morning Willie's mother was very busy washing the clothes. Willie was such a long time eating his bread-and-jam that at last she sent him out into the garden to finish it.

"Don't wander away, Willie," she called as he went out, "and don't go down the lane into the main road."

But Willie was in his naughtiest mood. How nice it would be, he thought, to watch the motors flash past, and the horses and carts and wagons go jogging by. So he trotted down the path and into the lane.

For a little while he stood there watching things on the main road go past the end of the lane. Then he went just a little bit down the lane to see better, then a little farther still, until at last he got right to the end and stood peeping round the corner to see what was coming next.

Suddenly a car swung round into the lane and nearly ran him down. After that Willie thought he would be safer on the main road, close to the hedge. But he couldn't be still even there; he wandered after some sheep quite a long way, until the man told him to go back home.

He was toddling slowly back, taking little nibbles at his bread, when a strange noise made him look up.

Coming toward him was a flock of geese.

Terribly frightened, Willie stood at the side of the road, pressing himself back into the hedge. Nearer and nearer came the geese making strange noises and darting their heads this way and that. At the head of the flock marched a huge gander.

"P-raap, p-raap!" he cried. Just then he caught sight of Willie. Turning aside, he shot out his long neck and flapped his wings, then with a hiss he ran straight at the little boy.

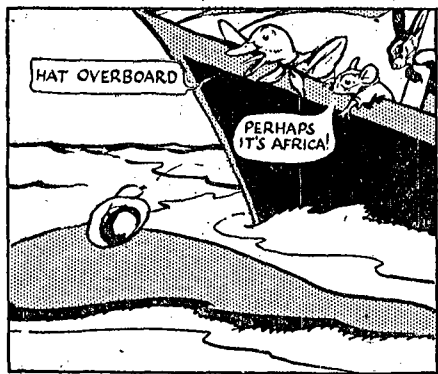
Willie screamed and pressed into the hedge. But in a few seconds the great gander was upon him. He snatched the bread out of his hand and, turning away from him, began to gobble it up. When the last crust had disappeared he marched back to the head of the flock, crying "P-raap, p-raap!"

"P-raap, p-raap!" answered the geese as they filed past.

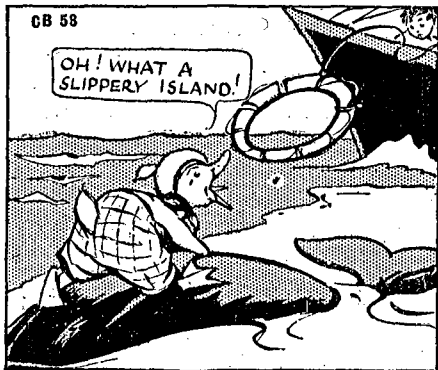
It just sounded like, "Serve you right," to the terrified little boy, and as he sobbed as if his heart would break he felt it *did* serve him right for having been disobedient.

THE CADBURY COCOCUBS

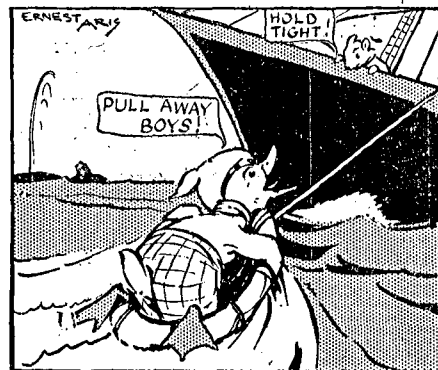
No. 3. The Floating Island



Day after day the good ship 'Coco' sailed on. Then Dumpty spied a large island. Leaning over the side for a good view, his hat blew off, and landed on the edge of the island.



Without a moment's thought Dumpty jumped on to the island to save his hat! The island was horribly wet and slippery. It began to move! Goodness! It was a whale! Dumpty was stranded!



We don't know what would have happened to Dumpty if Jonathan hadn't thrown a lifebelt! Dumpty scrambled on board with his hat on, wet, but safe. He knows whales from islands now!

All Boys & Girls love

CADBURYS

Milk Chocolate

—The Cococubs will soon get to Africa!